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# HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE

ESSAYS, SKETCHES AND DETACHED  
THOUGHTS,

BY  
ANNE W. MAYLIN



PHILADELPHIA  
PORTER, & COATES

1890

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A pattern of dots arranged to form the word "PAPER". The dots are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with some dots missing to create the letters. The word is written in a bold, sans-serif font.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## PREFACE.

---

IT seems fitting that this little book should contain a short sketch of the author. Anne Walter Maylin was born in London, England, on the 19th of September, 1806. She was the eldest child and only daughter of Thomas and Sarah Walter Maylin, there being two younger brothers, Charles and Edward, whom she outlived. She was a remarkably precocious child, having learned her alphabet between the ages of eighteen and twenty months, and being able to read and write correspondingly early. When very young she was in the habit of writing little books containing original verses, stories, dialogues, puzzles, riddles, etc., for the amusement and instruction of her brothers, which were remarkable for one of her years. A few of her letters are subjoined, the first one being written before she attained her seventh year; it and the others are in a round childish hand, in very large characters:

*August 22nd, 1813.*

MY DEAR MAMMA: I will try always to be a good girl, and I hope to improve. I sometimes go up stairs and think how wrong I must have been in being so unkind to you; sometimes I cry about it when I am in bed. I pray'd yesterday that God might bless you and make me a good child.

A. W. MAYLIN.

She was rather more than eight years old when she wrote the following one :

*December 25th, 1814.*

DEAR MAMMA: I am now commencing a subject painful in itself to write upon, but, owing to some circumstances connected with it, a more pleasing topic. It is—O! I think you will guess—the government of my temper. I was thinking about it a good deal yesterday morning, when my brothers were playing in their room, and I was down stairs by myself. When my brothers came down to their books, Charles did something which caused my temper to rise, and I felt very much inclined to speak crossly to him; but I tried to restrain myself from uttering a word, because I knew, that if I spoke, my passion would grow stronger, and I should then have lost all control over it. Though it was very difficult to do this, I accomplished it, but the struggle was so great, that it gave me an aching pain at my heart and forced tears from my eyes. Something else in the course of the morning occurred to try my temper, but the conflict between my passions and my duty was not so painful as before. The itching of my chilblains in the evening made me speak angrily to my brothers, but when I had reflected, it made me cry a great deal, although you did not perceive it.—It seems surprising to me, that, though I have formed such good resolutions, and though my wish to get the better of my temper is so sincere, I am wanting in *Perseverance*. Some time ago, in a letter to you on this subject, I told you, that I had a greater wish than ever to get the better of it, but, had I greater *Perseverance* than ever? I fear not.—It is a difficult task to part with long cherished errors. I assure you, dear mamma, it often makes me very unhappy when I think of it. I will dismiss the subject for the present, but I will write you on New Year's Day and renew it.—Dear mamma, I am sorry that your other avocations do not permit you to write to me now and then. I pray God to enable me to get the better of my temper; (He knows my wish is sincere) and to strengthen me with *Perseverance*. Dear mamma, I remain your affectionate daughter,

ANN.

The punctuation is her own, and there was not a misspelled word in the letter.

In the article called "Personal Recollections of a Real Childhood," Miss Maylin gives a correct and graphic history of her own childhood. During the visit to Dover, of which she speaks as having occurred in her seventh year, her father writes to her mother: "Our dear darling was delighted when at Gravesend to see the river and the shipping. 'What will Charles say to this?' 'I wish dear mamma was with us.' Dear little treasure, she is always thinking of you. Whenever it rained, as it did several times, she would say: 'I hope, papa, it does not rain where mamma is, because she might think it rained here as well, and she would be so uneasy.' Whenever she sees anything striking it is, 'I shall mind to tell mamma of that.' . . . They are all extremely delighted with her as well as surprised at her attainments; and here, my beloved S., I must express to you the high gratification it gives me to witness their great admiration so justly reflected back upon yourself, for the unwearied and persevering care and attention which you must have paid to her—a memento that stamps a lasting impression of worth on your amiable character, a jewel of far more intrinsic value than all the gaudy trinkets that vanity or fashion can deck itself with."

In 1817 the family came to this country and settled in Gloucester Co., New Jersey. After a residence of five years in Woodbury, Mr. and Mrs. Maylin removed to Ohio, and the pleasant home being thus broken up,

the family separated, never again to be reunited under the same roof. Anne, having commenced her work of teaching before the completion of her eighteenth year, remained in Woodbury, afterward removing to Salem, N. J., where she spent the rest of her life. The separation was keenly felt by them all, as they were a remarkably united, affectionate family, with great congeniality of taste and feeling. They were not rich in worldly goods, but possessed great culture and refinement and a vast fund of varied and useful information. Mrs. Maylin was a woman of uncommon intellectual ability and of strong religious principles, possessing the power of impressing her own tastes and feelings upon the minds of her children. The early education of these children was conducted at home, chiefly under her care, though the father gave as much assistance as was consistent with the time and attention necessarily paid to his business.

Miss Maylin was a very successful and competent teacher, being remarkable for her great thoroughness and exactness. She taught in Salem nearly twenty years, when failing health obliged her to resign her school into other hands. She formed friendships with many of her scholars that only ended with their death or her own.

Her religious feelings were awakened at an early age, accompanied by a very tender conscience, and in



later life she carried out unshrinkingly her own convictions of duty, often in the face of great opposition. Her religion was eminently a practical one, and she took an active part in works of benevolence and charity. She was for forty years secretary to the first Benevolent Society established in Salem. She organized a society for furnishing the poor with fuel, and for twenty-five winters collected all the necessary funds herself, as well as attended to the purchase and distribution thereof. She was greatly interested in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, contributing liberally to it both her time and means. When quite young she connected herself with the Presbyterian Church, but after a time, feeling she could not subscribe to all its doctrines, she requested a Letter of Dismissal. She then joined the Methodist Church, remaining a member of that body as long as she lived, teaching until within a year of her death an adult class in the Sunday-school.

She possessed "the pen of a ready writer," and contributed a great many articles in prose and verse to various newspapers and magazines, under different signatures, such as Fidus, Verus, Laicus, etc., though her favorite one was that of her initials, A. W. M. She collected some of her poems and published them in a volume called *Lays of Many Hours*. The present collection she prepared some time ago, many of the articles having previously appeared in print, and left

a request that they be published in book form after her death.

Her eyesight remained almost unimpaired, and she was always able to read quite fine print without the aid of glasses. Her health and strength were also remarkably preserved, so that she could take walks after she was eighty which many younger women would have been unable to do. Her mental powers, too, remained bright and active until within a short period of her death, especially her excellent memory, which had been so carefully trained by her parents and herself.

Her faith and trust and reliance "upon Him who is alone able to help" remained with her to the last, though she passed through some months of great suffering, which ended with her death on the 19th of October, 1889, shortly after the completion of her eighty-third year.

H.

SALEM, February, 1890.



## INTRODUCTORY.

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### SONNET.

L AUGH with the gay, and echo back their glee;  
Jest with the merry; trifle with the crowd:  
Hide thy interior self: be not too proud  
A fool amid surrounding fools to be:  
Earth's honor thou shalt win abundantly,  
And men thy happy gifts shall laud and prize  
With ready will. But be thou truly wise,  
And lo! their love and praise are not for thee:  
For far too deeply and too mournfully  
Sweep o'er their hearts thy heart's fine sympathies.  
Yet thou *hast* kindred: spirits from the skies  
Whisper the converse of Eternity;  
And answer, with a fellowship divine,  
The hidden chords and mysteries in thine.



## THE VALUE OF A CULTIVATED INTELLECTUAL TASTE.

---

Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind  
By Truth illumined, and by Taste refined ?

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

THE value of such an acquaintance with general literature as, under a correct moral influence, enriches, enlarges and dignifies the mind of its possessor, is almost inestimable. It is not merely a familiarity with a few celebrated authors, or even with a variety of them. It is not simply to have "trippingly on the tongue" the records of history, the technicalities of science and art, or the delineations and dialect of the most popular pages of taste and imagination. It comprises something more. It is that kind of intimacy with the thoughts and feelings of those who have instructed and refined the world, that incorporates the impressions of theirs in a measure with the current of our own, and thus causes a thousand intellectual gems to shine out over the surface of our existence. It is that rich store of associations, suggestions, memories, which such an acquaintance with the history and productions of the gifted and the good supplies, the mine

of whose exhaustless affluence is but deepened the farther it is wrought, and whose resources are continually elicited, both by the things without and within us. It is that development of observation and comparison which prompts the intellect to call up spontaneously from the recesses of the past, from all that is valuable or beautiful in natural science, or graceful in art, combinations and illustrations, which, multiplying to an infinite extent, continually diversify its materials for instruction and entertainment.

Nor is this a sphere of visionary enjoyment. It is *something* to have the mind so furnished, that it comes "with more than present good," to the present scenes and occupations of every-day life; that it penetrates into sources of interest and gratification where an uncultivated perception would have discovered none. It is *something* to find in the simple passages, the little traits of our ordinary being, mere trifles "shine by situation;" by connection with those hidden links which they touch in the electric chain of our own thoughts, memories and feelings.

But are these habits of mind useful in their practical influences? Do they enable us to prosecute with more alacrity and success our real duties? or does their cultivation increase our fitness for the social intercourse of life?

Now, without casting one ungenerous or unkind reflection upon this intercourse, it must be allowed to

be painfully true that it usually calls for but small use of these intellectual treasures ; for few are the demands it makes upon them. They are written on the tablet of the mind, as it were, in sympathetic inks ; and little of that genial warmth which is needed to bring out their characters to life and vividness will meet us there. Conversation, in general, is indeed so slightly attuned to the spirit of those associations which lift the thoughts from the external to the intellectual, that we can scarcely hope in its ordinary circles to find ourselves much wiser or happier for any interior cultivation beyond that average point, below which we should not be on the footing of common mental respectability. Often must the images rising to memory in their own delightful aptitude be enjoyed alone, and many a series of suggestions elicited by some casual incident repressed, when we feel it would meet no companionship.

Yet we need not "lock the lost wealth," merely because we cannot always find ready barter for it. If, in the seclusion of retirement, the absence of external excitements, the monotony, as it may sometimes seem, of those bodily cares which the necessities of our being impose on all, we can be innocently happy and our understandings profitably active, under circumstances which otherwise might have clouded our path with languor or depression, we shall gather an abundant harvest for any seed we may have planted in the intel-

lectual soil. Neither shall we find any "surplus revenue," let us add to the *genuine* wealth of mind as much as we may. Not a single item is there in its uncounted treasury but may increase, either directly or indirectly, our power of useful influence over other minds, or widen the various channels of enjoyment in our own. Surely, too, we ought to be sufficiently grateful for these privileges, to evince a better spirit under the petty disconcertments of life, a greater equanimity under its minor vexations, conscious as we are of possessing within ourselves a retirement from these as dignified as it is delightful.

The fact that such feelings and views are diverse from those of many around us must in no degree be permitted to render us cynical toward the ordinary flow of social interchange, or impatient with its occasional insipidities. We must not be like Shenstone, in his beloved Leasowes, who was angry because his neighbors did not appreciate the cool vistas, the retired grottoes, the shady walks and the inviting bowers, which his hand had fondly cultivated, and through which, to *him*, it was such happiness to roam. Rather will we be content and grateful that there *are* pleasures, by which, under the goodness of God, we are rendered independent of their admiration, and for which we ask not their eulogy.

Let us beware of making a misapplication of the precious benison of intellectual taste. If ideal refine-



ments produce in us a sensitiveness that diminishes our readiness to be interested in the welfare and happiness of others; if for the patient flow of human kindness they substitute the feeling of *indulged* disgust toward what is unassimilated to our own pursuits and habits, in theirs; if we cannot turn from "the light of other days" to gentle, active sympathies with the joys and sorrows of *our own*; then we may justily flee from the fascinations of literature and taste, as from those of Armida's enchanted garden.

But these pure and high sources of enjoyment need not be thus perverted. They are innocent, when not allowed to usurp the place of practical duties. They are beneficial, when, refreshed and gladdened by their invigorating influences, we can turn more contentedly, more joyfully, to the plainest and soberest features of our lot. They are ennobling, when they render us more cheerful, more patient, more thankful, amid the satieties and agitations of life; more indifferent to any part in the petty contests, competitions and jealousies of a distracted and jarring world.



## A SHELF IN MY BOOKCASE.

---

THERE is one shelf in my bookcase which is pretty much appropriated to religious biographies, or biographies more or less of that character. Side by side stand in peaceful proximity the good of various creeds, and some of almost no creed, unless the love of God and of Christ be deemed such. Whatever may have been their speculative differences of opinion, they seem to speak very much the same language when the religion of the heart and life is their theme.

In a certain sense I utterly abhor "close communion." In another certain sense I glory and rejoice in the term. *That* "close communion" which exists between the spirits of the truly wise and good, in all ages and under all forms of Christian faith, is a glorious thing indeed and, blessed be God, a bright reality.

As I happened the other day to cast my eye on the shelf I have mentioned, it ran over the names of many whose words and works of piety and love are now being rewarded in heaven.

Here stand records of the brave Christian heroes, Whitefield and Wesley, who went into the highways and byways, and broke up the fallow ground in re-

gions till then inaccessible to religious instruction. Next to them is the staunch conservative Churchwoman, Hannah More, who congratulated herself on "never having strayed into a Methodist meeting," but who, not to speak of her many excellent writings, did for the world even better service than with her pen, as she gathered the children and young men and women from the destitute places of Somersetshire, and by her indefatigable toil, continued through forty years, wrought so wonderful a moral reformation in her own neighborhood for miles around as had not even been attempted by the resident clergy.

Close to each other (as Whittier once worded it in another connection) are the "Quaker and the Priest;" that true Christian, Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, who held his abounding wealth as indeed "a loan to be repaid with use," and whose main care seemed to be so to set flowing the full streams of his bounty, that no human eye, if possible, should detect their source; humble-minded and deeply spiritual, never presuming to talk confidently of acceptance with God, but quietly, firmly resting his immortal hopes on the assured goodness of his Heavenly Father, through time and for eternity. Beside Richard Reynolds is Frederick W. Robertson, the glory, and shall I say also the shame, of our age: its glory, because of his own transcendent excellence; its shame, because that excellence was contemned often where it ought to have been hon-

ored. Noble man! he could dare and bear to stand grandly aloof from all polemical parties, and as a consequence was destined to endure hatred, calumny, anathema from *some* in *all* of them. How deeply, how reverently, did he ponder the intricate and painful mysteries of our being! how finely attuned were his religious perceptions! Intensely loved wherever there was capacity to appreciate his worth, but detested all the more for that very superiority in goodness by those who were unable to comprehend, much less revere it, he died in his day's prime, a martyr to overwrought mental energies, and to bitter, cruel persecution. By his side is the calm, thoughtful Channing, to whom Robertson paid so just and generous a tribute; kindred in spirit, diverse as were their ecclesiastical relations—Channing, who sought the moral and religious elevation of all human beings, the spread of the kingdom of peace and of Christ upon earth, and whose last audible words were, "I have received many messages from the Spirit."

By these I see Eugenie de Guerin, the loving, devoted sister, the tender-spirited and devout Romanist, who so sweetly wrote, "This suffices me, O my God! I adore Thy impenetrable designs; I submit to them with all my heart; I would that all who suffer could feel the balm of prayer;" and who, faithful still to the influences of her early training, speaks of the comfort and blessing of "confession."

Here I meet William Wilberforce, a dutiful son and lover of the "Establishment," the friend of Hannah More, and her liberal pecuniary helper in her labors among the poor of Cheddar; who strove by his pen to arouse the fashionable world from the frivolities of life, and by his voice in the British House of Commons (where at one time he stood almost alone as an Abolitionist) to stir the public mind on the subject of Slavery, never resting until success crowned his parliamentary exertions on behalf of the oppressed Africans.

Not far off I come to John Foster, that deep thinker and light of the Baptist Church, whose mighty intellect could accept no superficial or mere theological answer to the great and difficult questions which press upon the fervent searcher after truth—questions to which for *him* came no "Eureka" on this side the grave, and whose profoundly devout spirit was thus almost always steeped in gloom, finding its only repose in the Divine promises of Scripture, and the comforting confidence that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Then, as I look along the row of books, come Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, historian of the Port Royalists, who, leaving her early Quaker surroundings, found *her* haven of rest among the pious Moravians, and, after a pilgrimage of usefulness protracted to advanced age, departed joyfully exclaiming, "Do you

not hear the voices? and the children's are the loudest!" Agnes Elizabeth Jones, turning aside from the refined indulgences of a happy home, and laying down her comparatively youthful life a sacrifice to exhausting toil on behalf of the helpless and destitute. The stern but brave Lady Huntington, who quitted the brilliant circle of court gayeties for the tabernacle and prayer-meeting, and showed the titled and noble that *she* regarded religion as something more than a name. Mary L. Ware, the active practical worker, adorning the doctrine of Christ by her own beautiful showing forth of it in every-day life, as nurse and watcher in the lonely abode of the sick, as the faithful trainer of her children, as the devoted helper and comforter of her husband both in things temporal and spiritual, and as the patient, triumphant Christian sufferer through the lingering anguish of her own death. Alice and Phebe Cary, loving God as the Universal and All-loving Father; the latter of whom we especially delight to think of as the writer of that exquisite hymn beginning, "One sweetly solemn thought." Fredrika Bremer, glowing with imagination and benevolence, whose heart was in sympathy with every sufferer in the world, even of the brute creation, and whose religious testimony was, "The Crucified has reconciled me to the trials of earth, and chased away its darkness through the light which He has shed beyond the grave."

Among my books are various other biographies, but *these* happen to be the occupants of *one* shelf. How glad and grateful I am that I have been permitted to become acquainted with such characters through the registry of their lives and their writings! that if, through their influence, I strive to grow better and holier, I may hope, possibly, to know something more of them in that coming life, where all party names shall be as if they had never existed, and where those only who have truly loved God, and sought to love and bless their fellow-creatures while on earth, can hope to be admitted.

And of what moment to them *now* are all those minor disagreements of opinion which here below divided them, and kept some of them far apart from each other? Of *none*. Through various and very unlike means and ways, they were all "so guided and governed by the good Spirit of God" as to be led into "righteousness of life;" and thus we feel that they are all now mingling with those who in the happy dwellings of the blessed shall forever abide together in the unity of that Divine Spirit, which is the bond and bliss of heaven!



## THOUGHTS ON GENIUS.

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IT is somewhat remarkable that those who have most strenuously contended against the existence of Genius should frequently have been found among the very individuals whose indisputable title to its possession would seem most decisively to verify that existence; and that the ingeniously wrought theories laid down to prove that it is *not* have proceeded from pens whose plenitude of power demonstrates that it *is*.

There is a popular idea which supposes, in all sincerity, that Genius has but to embark for whatever port it pleases, and steer away "on the smooth surface of a summer sea" to any hemisphere of science, art or learning it chooses to make for; that it may, like the eagle, soar unfatigued in the sunbeam, or with electro-magnetic facility command time and space with scarce a consciousness of effort. These fashioners of a splendid abstraction are mistaken. Their beau ideal is not the *propria persona*. Genius is indeed a magician, but a magician that in most cases must work hard with its enchantments to accomplish its projects. It is not independent of method, of labor,



of perseverance. It was indeed the informing spirit that conceived the mighty project of Hannibal, but skill and toil were its executives.

It is amusing to hear some persons say, "Oh, such a one has a *genius* for mechanics, or languages, or poetry; it costs *them* no trouble to excel." We may, however, be very sure Fulton would not tell us he sat in indolent reverie until a steamer, bearing away majestically, started up before him; or Porson, that the gift of languages came to him by natural inheritance; or Pope, that his finished and euphonious numbers flowed from his pen as prose from the lips of the man who had talked it all his life without knowing it; still we cannot suppose that *every* industrious machinist could have become a Fulton, or every earnest toiler over the Greek alphabet a Porson, or every perseveringly plodding framer of rhymes a Pope.

We read that when Sir Isaac Newton was asked by what means he made his mighty conquests in the worlds of mathematical and natural science, he answered, *by thinking*. *He* did not sit sleepily in the Castle of Indolence, but piled stone upon stone and effort upon effort. *His* testimony, coupled with his surpassing attainments, furnishes decisive proof that Genius is not a sinecure, not a triumph without a toil. But shall we be therefore justified in denying to the mind of Newton a peculiar and illustrious intellectual

heritage? or rather, ought we not to regard as demonstrative of *true* Genius that very intellectual might which thus could and did summon everything without, within, around, everything in external circumstances and ordinary incidents, to bring tribute into its treasury? Is there not an element of true Genius in that life-imparting spirit which converts even obstacles into aids, and transforms neutral materials into active and efficient forces?

The great Sir William Jones, when engaged in an argument which on his side aimed to disprove the existence of Genius, was, in allusion to the brilliancy of power with which he sustained his own part of the controversy, thus wittily but delicately complimented his antagonist:

Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,  
Proves your opponent in the right.

Yet in advocating on too broad a scale the natural equality of human talent, Genius is far from intending a sophistical use of its ability. It probably is firmly persuaded of the tenability of its own theory. It finds it can itself compass achievements which appear impracticable, and annihilate difficulties that seem invincible; and thence draws the corollary that others have only to go and do likewise. Its toils are so faithful and fervent that it concludes its own momentum of power to be rather "the reward and *result*,

than the *cause*," of the untiring and ceaseless activity with which these toils are prosecuted.

Even Genius, slothful, rarely wins a laurel. It often does, indeed, like the Hare in the fable, make with apparent ease surprising bounds; but should it think to despise labor and application, it may ultimately be overtaken even by the Tortoise. If it prefer to slumber and sleep, it can claim no exemption from "the pains and penalties of idleness;" and patient, plodding, but unyielding industry may filch from it its crown.

All these admissions, however, being made, the question arises whether there is not, nevertheless, a certain original structure, a kind of *primary formation* in certain minds, which becomes a basis and substratum for the intellectual edifice; whether anything less than this native individuality *could* impart an impulse equally and as intensely influential, and whether even the happiest combination of circumstances and influences would not, in the majority of cases, utterly fail in educating a similar result. Though it has been justly said that "upon the incidents of the embryo acorn depend the evolutions and progress of the oak," yet from that embryo acorn *only* can that oak arise; nor could any one of the other thousand germs of the forest produce it, let their growth be surrounded with what oak-like *incidents* soever you may gather around them.

True Genius, as has been observed already, pretends

not to act irrespectively of application and assiduity as its allies; it is willing to enlist the humblest auxiliaries in its service; it levies contributions on earth, air and sea as its subsidiaries. But nothing less than Genius *could* thus shape and mold all things as its agents; nothing lower than Genius could *first* discern "the figure hid in the marble," though, once known it lies there, the skill of the mere mechanical artificer may suffice to draw it forth. Labor executes; but Genius generally designs. Napoleon and Julius Cæsar employed many subordinate generals as the effective strength of their military tactics; yet without a Napoleon or a Cæsar at their head probably neither Austerlitz nor Pharsalia had been won.

In expressing a belief in the existence of Genius, the writer is far from intending to echo a blind adoration of it; still less to make this belief a plea for intellectual indolence on the part of those who are not gifted with its possession. Too little value is often ascribed, and too meager a tribute of respect awarded, to the sedulous exertion of ordinary powers, though they are the nerve and sinew of the world's advancement. If there be indeed such a reality as Genius, it is the peculiar bestowment of God; how awful, then, the accountability of those who, thus endowed, misimprove it! As it confers greater powers upon its possessor than are intrusted to the majority of human beings, it imposes proportionable responsi-

bilities, the almost onerous weight of which might be sufficient to balance, perhaps, "its privileges and immunities in the empire of Mind." It is the gift of Him who, though He did not grant all ten talents, gave to the humblest of His creatures *one*, and who will enable that one to yield, in its faithful improvement, if not a hundred-fold, yet sixty or thirty, of happiness and usefulness.

And, after all, how much soever thinking minds may differ in opinion relative to the general parity or imparity of native talent, there will be no controversy in their acknowledgments that mind is progressive; that the highest intellectual power is usually the most deeply sensible of the necessity of unremitting exercise to render it nobly successful; that mental progress is commensurate with mental effort; that five talents will not without assiduous toil become ten, and that with it even *one* may be made two. If these convictions are actively influential on our lives, it will perhaps be but of little *practical* moment (however widely antithetical in theory be the two conclusions) whether we decide. Genius to be "the *producer* or the *product*," the antecedent or the consequent—the impetus that wins the race or the crown which rests on the brow when the race is won.



## OUR BURIED GRIEFS.

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WHEN we are just entering on life, and know personally only a very little of its changes and sorrows, we are disposed, and can afford, to talk poetically of "the Pleasures of Melancholy." A species of mournfully romantic musing is rather a soothing and congenial indulgence, as we take our first lessons in the minor sadnesses and disappointments of earth. But when we have lived longer, and passed through vicissitude upon vicissitude—when we have seen "friend after friend depart," and beheld our little nests of happiness one after another torn down and cast upon the ground—all is different *then*, and "the Pleasures of Melancholy" are sought and eulogized by us no longer.

We love, indeed, times without number, to recall the images of those friends who have preceded us to the spirit-world; to think on their virtues, and often, very often, to retrace scenes of past happiness enjoyed in their society. We take up a favorite book whose rich and glowing thoughts we were wont to share with some beloved associate; we gaze on those "fast-fading

hues of the west " that we have watched so frequently by the side of one who delighted to point out each delicately changing tint as it melted into twilight ; or on the bright moon gloriously ascending the heavens, beneath whose gentle beams we have again and again wandered forth in the quiet summer evening, when feet trod beside ours that are now moldering in the grave. How dearly cherished are these remembrances ! For worlds we would not part with them.

But we do not, as once we did, sit gazing out alone into the pale, still moonlight, hour after hour, musing over days forever fled. Ah no ! we could not bear it *now*. We have tasted too deeply, and learned too much of real sorrow, sedulously any longer to feed the mere sentiment. While at precious intervals we yield ourselves up to sacred communion with the unseen, we dare not dwell there continually. Grateful for the blessed associations which link us with the past and the departed, and remembering that after a season " where they are we too shall be," our hearts are uplifted from too depressing influences to the desire that through our griefs our lives may be ennobled. We think tenderly upon the virtues of our beloved, not to sink down in saddening retrospections, but to receive from their memory a fresh inspiration to holy and benevolent activities. While there is any little path for us to tread, however humble, in which we can smooth away something of ruggedness from

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that of any weary fellow-traveler, we know that some such activities may be ours. We rise up from reverie, however tender and soothing, and feel that if it be given us to drop daily into God's treasury but a single mite that may help to render humanity happier and better, or to diminish its miseries and sins ; if we are permitted to solace a sufferer, or to minister one cheering utterance to a drooping spirit out of the consolations wherewith we ourselves have oftentimes been comforted by the All-Merciful, the very pains and trials of our lot shall become new impulses to Christian virtue.

And thus, from seeds which lie hidden amid the ashes of our hearthstones, from our buried griefs, may spring up living and heavenly plants,

Whose flowers look upward to the sky !





## A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

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I HAVE by me much of my mother's early correspondence; many letters addressed to her when quite a girl; letters filled not with commonplace trifling, but with thoughts and things worthy of preservation. Among these are some written by a lady of whose peculiarly interesting history I have often heard that beloved mother speak, and which I shall relate as given me by her.

The ancient town of D——, one of the Cinque Ports of England, celebrated for its old castle, and for those towering cliffs with which the name of Shakespeare has become identified through a passage in King Lear, is in the southeastern part of the island. Here lived one whose life in its very opening had, as we perhaps should say, been blighted. Engaged, in the bloom of her youth, to a man of fine talents and pure morals, with the approval of friends and the fresh, full love of a first betrothal, she had within a few weeks of her intended nuptials been suddenly stricken down by a mysterious paralytic affection, from apparently perfect health to be a life-long, bed-ridden, suffering invalid. All power in the

lower extremities being annihilated, she lay from about her twenty-fifth year prostrate on her couch, never more to arise from it. Her nervous system was liable to sudden and singular spasmodic attacks upon the least unusual physical or mental stimulus; and thus a condition of perfect quiet seemed almost essential to her very existence. Shattered, however, as was its earthly environment, "strong through the ruins rose the mind," seemingly purer and more elevated for passing through a furnace of peculiar intensity. In her isolation from the world she was not called upon to endure that deeper isolation which must have fallen upon her, had he to whom her troth was pledged held himself henceforth free of the tie that bound them to each other. The partner of his *home* she could not be; the partner of his *heart*, in all its joys and griefs, she still remained. He was a physician, his residence being in the city of C——, about twenty miles from D——; and in those days facilities of conveyance were few and slow; yet once in two weeks his visits to her were undeviatingly made, and their intervals brightened by frequent and animated correspondence. His portrait hung ever at the foot of her bed, veiled by a little green curtain, to be drawn aside only in the hours most sacred to thoughtfulness and love, and to a few chosen friends sometimes unveiled. And when some amiable stranger, whose nature seemed sufficiently in affinity with her own to draw forth her con-

fidence, entered Miss R——'s room, she would gently say, "Have you ever seen my C——?" and then the little picture was for a few moments unveiled.

The cultivated, the excellent, came around her; strangers were attracted to her room by the beautiful spirituality and the gentle, submissive piety of its inhabitant. Gifts were continually brought her of such character as her pure and refined taste most delighted in. The earliest spring blossoms filled her flower vases; the choicest seaweeds from her native beach replenished her little baskets; delicate materials for the various works of art in which she delighted and excelled were sent to her; new volumes of elegant literature were ever lying on her table. When not engaged with her beloved books, her busy fingers were employed either in tracing in letters to her friends her own happy thoughts, or in keeping in exquisite order her own wardrobe and that of other members of her family, or in executing some little decorative work of fancy as an offering to a friend.

At this period my mother, then a girl of eighteen, on a visit to D——, was introduced to Miss R.'s room, and, having herself a mind capable of keenly appreciating the beautiful and good, was soon won toward her, as was Miss R——, in return, toward my mother. And on the return of the latter in a few months to her own home began that correspondence of which I have spoken, in which both my mother and my mother's mother bore a part.

Not long after, a lady who had wealth and benevolence became earnestly interested in the subject of my little story. The ceaseless bustle of D——, a garrisoned town, constantly the seat of military parades and martial music, was distressing to the sensitively nervous system of the interesting sufferer, whose father, being established in business there, could not conveniently leave it for another vicinity. This lady, Mrs. B——, proposed to build and furnish, a few miles out of town, such a residence as should insure complete seclusion from every external excitement. Physicians thought if the fatigue of a removal could be sustained by the patient, such a change would probably secure to her a mitigation of the more painful paroxysms of her disease. The offer was accepted, the cottage was built, and fitted up with every refinement that a delicately cultivated taste could suggest. Hither Miss R—— was carried, accompanied by one favorite sister, younger than herself, who had long made her her own especial charge; and though for a season her frail tabernacle was shaken almost to its foundation by the physical excitement of being moved, yet under the tender care of affection she soon regained her ordinary condition. The noble friend settled on her an income adequate to her support, and presented to her the cottage as her own. There she passed her remaining years, living in this spot from early middle life till seventy-eight years of age. And

he, whose tenderly unselfish attachment deepened, not weakened, in proportion as it became to her her sweetest earthly dependence, loved on, and loved forever. For more than forty years their beautiful intercourse was prolonged on earth, till, at the age of three-score and ten, he preceded his beloved to the spirit land. Some years after his death, thus wrote to me an aunt of mine across the broad Atlantic :

I have entered the fairy cottage ; it is fitted up in exquisite taste, expressly for dear A—— R——'s habitation, and is exactly one of those sweet romantic cottages which one reads of, but seldom sees. Jessamine and roses cover the front, and other sweets abound ; all was well adapted to suit her pure and elegant taste, and the interior equally so. When she converses, still blest with all her faculties clear and strong as ever, her countenance has all the expression of youth, after having kept her bed between fifty and sixty years. So it is *the soul* illumines the face !

There are those on the other side of the wide ocean whose eyes, chanced they to light on this little narrative, would perhaps moisten as they recognized the life-picture thus simply and slightly sketched, and which has been given as an introduction to a few extracts from the many beautiful letters lying in my drawer, that appeared to me worthy of meeting other eyes than mine. Her epistles contain frequent and discriminating allusions to the literature of the day ; but I have preferred selecting passages which more particularly shadow forth some of the beautiful traits of her own affectionate, refined and devotional nature.

### From a letter to my mother (then Miss W——):

It is only when my friends are ill that I feel the misfortune of wanting health. When they are well, my animated delight and gratitude to Providence give me the most pure gratification; and I have sometimes thought that to be in health myself and see them so, were happiness too perfect for this probationary state. The infinite wisdom and mercy of Providence are conspicuous in His gracious support of me, and surely, my love, I must be the most senseless and ungrateful of beings were I to be a murmurer, when the loss of one blessing is so amply compensated by the possession of many others. All the endearing comforts of the social and friendly affections are mine in the highest degree. Oh, yes! and though my feeble person is confined to one little space, my active mind is free, looks out and tastes happiness unbounded by space, and over which neither time nor death can have power. It is not only for their present happiness that I view with such exquisite delight the excellences of my friends; my mind builds on the blissful hope of renewing with them in a future state the most durable, perfect and pure attachment, where, with enlarged minds and perfected hearts, sorrow and pain can never come.

### To the same :

It is true I have a taste for little elegances, which if not inconsistent with my duty I should oftener indulge, by rendering more perfect these little works of fancy, but I never feel concern at this, because, while checking such improper wishes, affection and gratitude often give a play to my little abilities, and invention is exercised. When I cannot write I may be busied, and thus with innocence and pleasure pass hours which, but for such resources, had perhaps been tedious and dull. My darling sister E—— and myself are making a collection of marine plants, from which we find much amusement. Our beach, shores and rocks produce great variety; some of them are beautifully minute in their fibers, others of a charming color. They require much time, care and patience to preserve to advantage, but when completed give ample recompense in the entertainment they present to a curious observer. I am myself fond

to enthusiasm of the wonders of nature, and were my ability equal to my wish, and could I indulge such a wish without breach of any important duty, would have a charming collection not only of marine plants, but also of the fields and gardens. Beholding the wonders of nature, we are led to contemplate the attributes of God.

### To the same :

The friends I love are preferred for their worth, without reference to such accidental advantage or misfortune as distinction of rank. Once having adopted them I cannot easily alter my opinion, and do not drop the society of a friend without having the misfortune to believe that friend very unworthy.

### To the same :

There are in the world beings of that superficial way of thinking as to judge only from appearances. To such the mind, replete with principle and glowing with infelt rectitude, is no object for contemplation, but if the being possessing it happen to have any little traits of eccentricity, *they* will be seized on as the foundation of jest and unpleasing remark. Now, though nothing in the world is more true than the maxim, that the opinions of *wise* men are the *true* measures of glory, yet to a mind of sensibility much real pain is sometimes conveyed by the little taunts and jests of such trivial characters. Therefore I would have all good young people accustom themselves to general customs and manners, so far as they tend not to undermine the principles of religion and morality, or those thousand little points of delicacy which a good and virtuous mother is constantly inculcating in her children.

### To the same :

I think it good early to habituate the mind to the expectation of only imperfect happiness in this scene of probation ; it will not then have the bitterness of disappointment to encounter when afflictions assail it ; and considering all our little trials as the decree of an All-Wise Providence, we cannot surely murmur at them ; they are not the harsh punishments of a severe judge, but the gentle admonitions of a tender Parent, who

chastens but in love. Impressed with this idea we can bear much, and every good is doubly felt by that mind which looks up with pious gratitude, and humbly receives it as the gift of Infinite Mercy, and not the reward of desert. Cheerful acquiescence and lively gratitude are ever the inmates of such happy bosoms.

### To the same :

Nothing, my dear S——, can be more delightful to me than what you say of my beloved friend, Mrs. ——. I love the praises of my friends; *that* is a music most cordial to my *heart*, and not distressing to my *nerves*. You can now judge of my happiness in calling such beings friends, and will be charmed by the elegant simplicity of their unaffected manners, and the superior worth of their cultivated minds. She will love you, dear, with affection as pure as mine; but from her you may very justly hope to receive more pleasure than I can offer you. She is much more happily gifted than I am, and I can equal her only in the fervent sincerity of my wishes; yet you will easily comprehend that I feel a glowing pleasure in making this acknowledgment. When I think of the excellences of my friends, I can only look up and breathe a sigh of grateful thanks to my God for having thus blessed *me* in *them*.

### From a letter to my grandmother, Mrs. W——:

I cannot tell you, my beloved friend, how much your kind congratulations on my abated sufferings gratified me. To possess the esteem and good wishes of the worthy is the first of human pleasures; a pleasure for which my heart has panted ever since it felt the power of reason and the love of virtue. To those who know not the temper of my mind, it might seem very strange that I should confess a grateful pleasure in the continuance of life, conscious as I am that its prolongation must be marked by the increase of personal infirmity, but to the being whose mind expands to the social affections, to the pure joys of religion, it will not seem surprising. Convinced of the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, how is it possible I should feel inclined to murmur at His decrees? That Power which created me what I am, shall He not best judge of the part



I am able to sustain? Painful though it seem, I feel assured of His protecting care and tender mercy, and submit in humble confidence to His disposal. It is true, when I think myself on the verge of the grave, I hail the hour with a sentiment of joy which proves I am not insensible to the misfortunes which have occurred to me in this life, but when, contrary to my expectation, I again find myself a sojourner in this scene of care, I cannot but hope there will arise future bliss from present trial. I strive to live to the use and comfort of those friends whose tenderness makes up the dearest and most delightful source of my earthly happiness, and when I behold the careworn countenance of a dear and venerable mother brighten into joy as she blesses God for my continuance with her—when I feel the pressure of my darling sister's lips as she paints to me the joy of her innocent heart so tenderly attached to me—and when in the altered language dictated by the heart of the most constant and virtuous of friends, my C——, I trace the gratitude and happiness he experiences in my returning life—what unutterable emotion fills my mind! how grateful I feel for such blessings, how ardently I long to deserve them, no power of language can paint.

I prolong no further these little extracts, but will simply add that a few years since there came to me from a relative in England a newspaper, in which the death of her who had been the friend of my mother and of my mother's mother was thus simply announced:

Died, May 10, at B—— Cottage, near B——, Kent, Miss A—— R——, whose exemplary patience and cheerfulness under suffering had endeared her to a large circle of friends, aged seventy-eight."

Thus, after a brief parting, were she and her best-loved friend eternally united in a world which itself could hardly heighten the elevated purity and con-

stancy of their earthly love. Her nurse and sister, her “darling E——,” followed her in a year or two. Those to whom her letters were addressed have all passed away; and the heart that *dictated*, and the hearts that *welcomed* them, have now doubtless, to use her own words, renewed, in a higher state, the most durable, perfect and pure attachment.



## THE PLEASURES AND PAINS CONNECTED WITH TEACHING.

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[Written for the Western Literary Institute.]

IT is related by an eminent lady of this country that when visiting, many years since, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, the latter presented to her her youngest sister as a pupil of her own training, and observed that she felt her pride more gratified in producing to her friends *this* result of practical intellectual labor than it had ever been by any reputation she had derived from her literary productions. *That* reputation all will acknowledge not to be small. How highly, then, must this distinguished woman have estimated the value of mind influencing mind through the medium of education! how truly have appreciated the contribution to human happiness made by those who are faithfully and worthily engaged in its duties!

To aspire after the fame of this gifted lady, in the world of letters, would be to the majority of women a hopeless emulation; yet, what woman who is placed

in the power-giving station of mother or teacher but may lawfully seek some degree of participation in the pleasure she experienced on beholding, in the cultivated mind and character of another, the "finished fabric" of her own fair labors!

From a share in *this* noble emulation not one of us is excluded. We shall not probably win to ourselves a name venerable with the dignity of authorship, or leave the monuments of our pen upon the scroll of recording time. Yet we may each be, on the immortal tablet of some young minds, an Apelles painting for posterity. We may leave behind us traces of our existence as enduring, as influential, as those *he* leaves, who, through the fascinating volume of science or of taste, claims, charms, informs innumerable delighted listeners.

In an age now passed away the association of ideas early formed between juvenile intellectual effort and corporal pains and penalties was inseparable; and then the images of the schoolmaster and the rod rose before the mind's eye in as undivided companionship as did those of the Lictor and Fasces of ancient Rome. Even the childish picture-book of olden time acted as a tiny yet potent auxiliary in stereotyping this combination upon the youthful memory, as it presented the luckless wight arrayed in Folly's cap, and skulking from view, for the warning of all who should prove his unhappy followers in the dunce's

path. Those days of darkness are departed, and it is our privilege to live under a more cheering dispensation. We see the calling of the instructor, though by no means even yet adequately appreciated, nevertheless invested with a dignity which is recognized in some degree even by the superficial thinker; we behold those who sustain it taking their places among the acknowledged benefactors of human kind, and adding the name of a new and dignified profession to those society has already instituted among the learned.

But we must not beguile any into the field in which, as laborers, this honorable reputation is to be gained, by incorrect or partial representations of its labor. The work of training mind, of developing thought, of guiding, sometimes almost creating, the mental perceptions, of directing the moral sensibilities, is not a beautiful recreation, is not a mere elegantly intellectual entertainment. It is not laying the tint upon the petal of a fair flower you have first sketched according to your pleasure, which quietly lies on the paper to receive each selected hue, and retain each delicate touch of your own creative pencil. It is not calling at will from the bright dwelling places of poetry the combinings of your unrestricted choice, and making the inflections of the euphonious measure obediently bend to your direction. No; it is an enterprise, and an enterprise of labor. It is a work, and emphatically a work of toil. It is a field which you

must ceaselessly till, and watch, and water, would you ever hope to behold it "white unto harvest." It may, indeed, prove to the untiring, conscientious laborer an Eden; but it will be an Eden as it was left by the fall, not possessing an entire immunity from thorns and thistles. The laurels of a teacher are not as rapidly won, neither can his achievements be as laconically narrated, as were those of the conqueror of Zela. Jewels may bind his brow akin to those which were Cornelia's pride; but more than the elaborate skill of the jeweler upon earth's diamond is needful to prepare, and burnish, and call them forth to brightness and to beauty. Fancy and feeling, properly regulated, throw a thousand charms over the employment of teaching; but they must be under the guidance of a higher and less fluctuating stimulus than their own impulses, or they will often shrink disappointed from successive collision with discordant materials, enfeebling those labors which they ought at once to enliven and invigorate.

An individual, whose bosom, glowing with the wish to do good, kindles with the ardor of benevolent emotion beneath that picture which the poet drew, when, without any practical capacity for judging, he pronounced it a "delightful task," enters, at a period of life when expectations are most sanguine, and every project appears most readily executed, upon the duties of a school. He hopes at once to create

around him a little world of intellectual animation and effort. He knows, indeed, that there *are* difficulties in the ascent to the hill of science, but expects he shall be able to smooth away these so effectually that, when he has planted the feet of his pupils upon its lowest round, he shall behold their unimpeded steps delightedly and successfully ascend its summit. As the earth drinks in the fragrant dews of heaven, as the lambs hasten to the green pasture, so does he look for the eager perceptions of his little flock to receive the nourishing food of knowledge. He has made no calculation upon dullness, ignorance or insensibility; no allowances for the counteracting influences of previous bad training or want of training; has not, perhaps, even deducted the *tret* from the untold amount of good he purposes to accomplish.

But when he begins his *actual* work he finds no exemption guaranteed in his favor from the general truth, that every *unqualified* expectation ever involves disappointment. He now perceives a thousand little impediments and discouragements which previously were wholly unanticipated. He had hoped to see those "run and not be weary" in the road of instruction who can scarcely even "*walk* and not faint" in its ways. He derives, however, an instructive though unwelcome lesson from his first experience: he learns that he must not expect the little beings, on whose hearts and minds he is about to operate, to be par-

takers of a nature more ductile to good impressions, more easily disciplined into obedience to duty than is his own.

Yet let a youthful teacher begin his work with all of ardor, with all even of enthusiasm, that his character can supply : though sometimes checked where they had been unduly sanguine, they will furnish, if sustained by the unfaltering incitements of duty, ever-springing motives to persevere with faithful zeal in a calling which, amid all its solitudes, will generally return its reward into his bosom, even "a hundred-fold."

The discouragements, however, with which teachers have to contend are numerous, and arise from various causes. Not among the least of these is the counter influence which the master spirit of society, with its incessant lessons of frivolity and worldliness (lessons, alas ! too easily and agreeably learned, because congenial to the mind's natural indolence), is continually opposing to their own efforts for the moral and intellectual improvement of their pupils. With how little success can a teacher lead *those* to cherish the rich and varied gifts of the understanding and the heart as avenues to the purest earthly happiness, while elsewhere both precept and example unceasingly concur to place before them wealth, fashion and their accompaniments as the sum total of all that is needful for respectability in the eyes of others, or for their own



personal enjoyment; while they behold competition for the tinsel and glitter of external appearance carried on with an earnestness, nay eagerness, which they have never seen called forth by any mental aspiring; and while a failure of being *at par* in these things with those around them would, they are given to understand, consign them, in the world's eye, to a station of insignificance, and expose them to a series of petty neglects, from which the heaviest intellectual or, perhaps, even moral obliquity might charitably be sheltered, if balanced by the possession of these outward distinctions!

It is in the power of parents to do much toward laying the foundation for the successful labors of a teacher, by creating at the earliest possible period in the minds of their children a circle of agreeable and inviting associations connected with mental cultivation. But how shall *they* do this who themselves never learned its value? and whose provision for happiness in this life scarce ever extended beyond the tangible realities of money, and food and clothing for the body? Happy they who have had parents otherwise minded! There are those who instinctively blend with their most engaging memories of infancy the idea of a book; in whose bosoms nature in her diversified aspects—the ramble in the field, the blossoms of spring—were associations linked with their first little steps up the ladder of learning, and were by

a parent's judicious disposal of their pleasures and studies made kindred memories, bright with kindred joys. In *their* happy retrospections the walk "abroad in the meadows to *see* the young lambs" is remembered simultaneously with the hymn that described it; the page that taught the simple lesson of "the busy bee" is associated with infantile interest in the living object; and the words of "Little bird with bosom red" are scarce more indelibly imprinted on the leaf that taught the baby rhyme than is upon the mind the joy-giving image of the little songster soaring high in air, fluttering to its uninvaded nest, or alighting to partake of the crumbs which the infant hand was encouraged to scatter for it along the garden walk. Yes, some of us *can* look back, indeed, to such a childhood of "golden days!"

If "cares are comforts," it is certainly a truth that the teacher has of comforts an overflowing store. There is the care of imparting knowledge; the care of preserving right discipline; the care of implanting right principles and good habits; the care of keeping up interest and variety in the school; and, above all, the care of habitually regulating his own mind, feelings and character in his daily intercourse with those to whom he is as "a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." I believe there are no tests of temper superior to those of the school-room. The multiplicity of dispositions, added to the many and often adverse home

influences which we are called to deal with, present materials for untiring labor, and demand the hourly exercise of patience, ingenuity and perseverance, to an extent of which no one not initiated into such actual acquaintance with the subject as experience alone can bestow is qualified to form an adequate idea.

One unaccustomed to teaching, and thence unfamiliar with its practical minutiae, goes some morning as a visitor into a well-regulated school. Pleased with the general order and application, the precision of routine and the harmony of effect, he goes away and says: "Well, if I had only the talent of teaching, I should like to take a school." How imperfectly are such cursory glances into the scene of a teacher's labors competent to estimate them! They witness, indeed, the result, but they little know, for they see not the stroke upon stroke, the precept upon precept, the "here a little and there a little" that is repeated; the innumerable and oft-retaken steps by which alone that result can be disclosed.

For it does not *always* seem to a teacher as if the laws of matter met an unvarying correspondence in the laws of mind, and that, as he adds effort to effort, the hearts and understandings on which his mental forces are to operate move forward with a constantly accelerating momentum in the career of improvement; on the contrary, it often appears as if the loop-holes

through which every good thing communicated to the mind slides away and disappears are so numerous that he is ready to conclude the fabled Danaides had scarcely a more discouraging task. Yet it is anticipated that beneath his plastic hand the dull will become bright, the inert industrious, the perverse and petulant amiable; and to the alchemic power of his instructions, often, too, unseconded by any co-working influence on the parent's part, it is committed to produce effects which sometimes would amount to a complete moral and intellectual transformation in the character of his pupil. Add to this that often, when after a long season of unrequited toil a teacher is just beginning to garner up his reward in the dawning improvement of that pupil, caprice or fashion tears him from his care, and where he has labored "others enter into that labor."

Teachers must likewise often be content faithfully to spend their strength for those who neither co-operate with nor estimate their efforts to benefit them, and must occasionally witness their most intense exertions for others' good thrown back upon their own hearts unappreciated and unimproved. Have they never gone to a recitation and brought before their class some fortunate illustration, some appropriate narrative or incident, which they have thought would be welcomed with a corresponding feeling by those for whom it was designed, and then beheld the

vacant look and the deportment that spoke of inattention, if not of weariness, where they knew there was capacity for the smile of intellect, and where they had anticipated its manifestation in the awakening of pleasure or inquiry? It is not always thus; were it so the head would ache and the heart faint beneath toil so misapplied. But they can recollect, too, a contrasted emotion, as they have looked around upon their class, and, beside such an unthankful one, their eye has rested upon *some* countenance, in whose illumined features they were certain of beholding the indications of pleased and animated interest, and for whose sake they felt that the preparation they had essayed to make before meeting their class was amply repaid them.

Nevertheless, teachers must not be impatient with the infirmities of their pupils. They must be ready much to bear, and much to forbear. They must be willing patiently to sow seed after seed in the furrow, though sometimes little fruitfulness should spring up. "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath *long* patience for it. Be ye also patient." Till they can be sure there are in their *own* bosoms no obliquities, either willful or involuntary, to darken *their* path to excellence, let them not be so weak as to expect an exemption from them in the minds of their youthful charge.

I could not in this short essay even touch upon

topics so uncounted as *all* the pleasures and pains of a teacher's life; in proportion to the depth, the fervency of his interest in his work, will be the frequency as well as vividness with which each is alternately awakened. Yet such a one would not barter even his most painful solitudes or arduous toils for the undisturbed composure of *that* individual who goes forth to the employment of acting upon minds as a hireling to his day, indifferent how he gets through a round of mechanical drudgery in which the understanding and the heart are alike passive.

Have I dwelt upon the shades, and omitted to put in the lights of the picture? Far be it from me to do so. There *are* delights, pure and ennobling, in the history of a faithful teacher's course. *He* knows them not who, with stern brow and unvarying dullness, goes listlessly over the book, however well arranged, by the recorded question and answer, neither pausing to elucidate nor to inquire how far his pupils have elucidated for themselves its instructions; and who permits them to pass through the manifold resources of history and natural science, subjects which might call forth at one time the varying emotions of taste, of sublimity and beauty, and at another the higher development of the moral and religious sensibilities, with the same imperturbable coldness with which he might lead their steps along the page of Playfair over the way-worn path of the sophomore's bridge. *She*

knows them not, whose sole, poor ambition is to render her charge accomplished and elegant young ladies, prepared to fill their niche among the automata of society, and to crush every effort of an inquiring understanding, to stifle every whisper of a doubting conscience, by the facility with which the empty mind supplies the tongue with as empty prattle; to languish out their vapid lives in the "Castle of Indolence," thence looking languidly yet superciliously upon the employments and enjoyments of the useful and the happy, gracefully frittering away that existence which Heaven intended should make them ready for eternity.

These high satisfactions are the meed only of the honorably qualified, the active, the persevering, the conscientious instructor. For *such* "each passing hour sheds tribute," as, with anxiety, yet hope, they daily survey the circle of minds and hearts which He who placed them there has given them in deposit. Continually are little springs of pleasure rising up to cheer and invigorate their noble toil—springs which lie too deep for those to penetrate who only see the surface. The silent unfolding and gradual maturing of various minds from day to day is watched; each little evidence of progress is noted; each new development of an expanding intellect is hailed and welcomed; each grateful word of affectionate acknowledgment is treasured up; and, though there will be trials in their path, yet these are balanced by such

deep-seated and, sometimes, overflowing sources of enjoyment, that the former often appear scarcely worth naming in the comparison.

But our pupils, at length, must leave us; and when they have done so, and have gone forth into the world as actors on its busy stage, do the pleasures or pains connected with a retrospect of our labors for them cease? Far from it. Those pleasing or painful emotions, of which they may prove the source to us, become in some sort coeval with our joint existence. It may be ours to behold those to whom we have given our toils, our solitudes, our prayers, failing to bring into the active duties of life that standard of character which the bent and aim of years on our part had been to form; gladly shaking off all mental discipline for an immersion into worldly folly, while every surrounding influence combines to accelerate the retrogradation. We may witness (I speak now with especial reference to the female character) incessant care most sedulously bestowed on that outward adorning which is of the person, while, perhaps, none is extended toward planting a single flower of cultivation in the mind, or a seed of wisdom in the heart; and the few half-opened blossoms which could not *help* springing up beneath the fostering hand of education carelessly left to "waste their sweetness," and finally to perish by neglect.

Every faithful teacher has, however, been permitted



to realize, in some instances at least, a bright converse to this depressing picture. There are those who have tasted the heart-ennobling satisfaction of training up minds to understand and enjoy those higher pursuits which, once relished and valued, have linked in the memory of their happy possessor the remembrance of the teacher of their youth with some of the sweetest felicities of their existence. They have early led to the glorious fountain of intellectual delights those footsteps which afterward have walked in delightful companionship with their own beside its refreshing waters. Theirs has been the blessedness—I may justly call it so—"to draw the rich materials from the mine," in souls whose treasures, but for them, had, perhaps, ever remained buried in the unwrought ore of unoccupied and unappropriated endowments. They have been the honored instruments of unfolding to grateful bosoms those countless combinations of refined enjoyment which flow from an improved understanding and a cultivated heart, which have formed a bond of union between them and their pupils, whose links in purity and permanency have been as links of gold.

Can there exist upon earth a more reciprocally gratifying intercourse than between those who have been thus connected when the conventional relation of teacher and pupil merges into the companionship of assimilating minds? To pass the eye over

such a one, and in the rising excellences of moral and intellectual character to behold many a flower, of which we planted the seed, and many a blossom, whose infant bud we well remember as it made its way in pleasing promise through the soil of our watchful cultivation, to hope, yea, to *believe*, that the traces left by our hand in the "line after line" of faithful and affectionate instruction may blend insensibly with the duties, the enjoyments, of some amiable and beloved being through a long series of useful and happy years? Is not *this* worth striving for? Can we put forth energies too untiring to gain such a reward, to receive such a recompense?

Let us, then, gird up our minds and gather up our strength as we go into our school-room. Let us ennoble the routine of even the most humble lessons by the motive and spirit with which we engage in them. Let us look further than to the end of the day, or the week, or the term, in examining the bearing our labors are calculated to have upon the characters of those brought under their influence. Looking upon our pupils as beings in the "infancy of an eternal existence," let us be careful that we draw on their minds no traces which hereafter we shall vainly wish could be wiped out.

Above all, let us go with the burden of our responsibilities to *Him* in whose hand are supplies of all wisdom, and from whom wisdom is surely never more

needed than in forming the minds and guiding the hearts of creatures He Himself has created for immortality. We, like a Paul and an Apollos, may plant and water; but as in the natural so in the moral world, He alone "giveth the increase," and on Him we may rely that, if we prosecute our arduous duties in an humble dependence on His blessing, He will not withhold the early and the latter rain, or contravene in this instance His own gracious promise, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and that in due season "if we faint not."



## JUSTICE AND HUMANITY TO THE BRUTE CREATION.

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Open thy mouth for the dumb.—HOLY WRIT.

Consider whether you fulfill your duties to brute creatures, and whether one of these can upbraid you in any way.—R. W. EMERSON.

THERE is one virtue, and, as its opposite, one vice, which is rarely touched on by the pen of the moralist, except in casual or fragmentary allusions ; and one sin, which, though meeting our eyes everywhere, is usually allowed to go unrebuked by any severe reprehension. That duty is the duty of justice and humanity toward God's dumb creatures ; that sin is the indifference to their comfort and happiness which disgraces the Christian community.

Whence comes it that the Divine rule most truly called *Golden*, as given by our Saviour, never seems to be regarded as capable of application to that large class of sentient beings denominated *brutes* ? Whence the strange fact that many who are just, kind, considerate toward their *human* brethren, appear wholly unaware that any justice and sympathy are due to *these* ? “ The Rights of Animals ! ” Alas ! the term

would probably call up a smile on the face of many a professed expounder of God's ways and Word. Yet, are we to suppose that they *have* no rights, and consequently can be the subject of no wrongs? that eternal equity will hold us guiltless if we act with regard to them just as caprice may dictate, careless as to their sufferings or their enjoyments? Nevertheless, multitudes seem to look at the whole matter as did the Italian coachman, who when expostulated with by Miss Frances Power Cobbe for beating his horse unmercifully, answered, "What would you have, Signorina? *he* is not a *Christian*!"

Who has not, in listening to a narrative of ill-usage received by some one, occasionally heard the expression, "He treated such a one like a dog?" and have you ever thought what it implied? what but that *such* is the kind of treatment it is deemed perfectly proper a dog should receive. And why is it so? Why, my friend, should you feel a whit more inclined to treat a dog harshly, or to be unjust or unkind to any animal, than to a man, woman or child? Is it because, as Corporal Trim says of the poor negroes, "they have no one to stand up for them?" or because they are created on an humbler plane of being than ourselves? Either plea is detestable, yet no other can possibly be offered for making them the victims of oppression or ill-treatment. Perhaps Dr. Johnson was correct when he said, "Is not the pleasure of feeling and exercising

*power* over other beings a principal part of the gratification some people seem to find in cruelty?"

I am continually shocked at the insensibility of Christian fathers and mothers to the right education of their children in this particular. Hundreds of people most assiduous in what they term the religious training of their offspring never have given apparently one moment's thought to *this* important part of moral teaching. The idea that we have *duties* to inculcate on our children and pupils in reference to the beasts, birds and insects around us, never seems by any chance to have strayed into the heart or brain of the majority either of parents or teachers. The young memory is filled to repletion with hymns and catechisms, in not one of which is a whisper of any claim this portion of God's heritage has upon us. And children, whose little bosoms one might suppose intuitively alive to every tender and compassionate impulse, soon become familiar with the influences around them, and, among boys especially, too often mournfully illustrate the sad truth of Cowper's words, that of all ills which deface the springtime of our youth,

None sooner shoots, if unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,  
Than *cruelty*, most devilish of them all.

I have seen school books in which are introduced, without a word of censure, stories that detail acts of wantonness inflicted on dumb animals. No story of

this kind should ever be inserted in any book prepared for the young, except for the express purpose of marking such acts with stern and severe reprobation. No parent or preceptor should regard his duties to his charge as faithfully fulfilled who has not constantly and earnestly instructed them on their moral and religious responsibilities toward those whose place in the great scale of being renders them utterly dependent on our justice and our mercy. With sadness I add that I have listened to hundreds of sermons from almost all classes of preachers, and never yet heard *one* which touched upon our duties to animals.

A mother to amuse her child gives it for a plaything a little tender kitten. For a short time, perhaps, the frolic goes on amicably, and pleases both kitten and child; but after a while the latter ignorantly, sometimes wantonly, worries the helpless creature, pulling its tail, or lifting it up by neck or ears. Too weak to escape, the persecuted little thing at last uses its sole means of defense; little master or miss feels the sharpness of pussy's claws and cries. The *Christian* mother, as she considers herself, says, "Naughty kitty! baby beat kitty for scratching!" forthwith suiting the action to the word.

I was once compelled to live in a house with a boy of fourteen, who used to divert himself with decapitating flies as they alighted on the doorsteps, telling with high glee how they jumped about after their

heads were off; at another time he was glorying in the number of bats he had knocked down and maimed; and in either case the gentlest remonstrance from me produced only a coarse, loud laugh. This boy was the son of a mother who appeared in many things an earnest Christian woman; yet so wholly unawakened was her conscience on *this* point that, though she could not but often witness these outgrowths of a barbarous disposition, they passed unreprieved by her!

In one of my walks I said to a little boy who was looking at a large flock of blackbirds wending their flight through the air, "Do you not like to see all these birds enjoying themselves?" "Why," he answered vacantly, "I always thought that birds *was made to kill!*" Had he been a few years older, and a little better educated, I might possibly have suggested to him the perusal of a certain well-known and beautiful poem, entitled "The Birds of Hillingworth."

The apathy so widely prevalent throughout the Christian world on this whole subject has always been amazing to me. It is an astounding and unaccountable fact that many persons who, being constitutionally kind, feel no disposition to maltreat any dumb creature *themselves*, evince neither pain nor indignation when a contrary conduct is forced on their observation by others. Absolute indifference as to aught they might or could do to diffuse right sentiments or awaken humane feelings around them, strange to say, pervades



the minds of many who toward their fellow-creatures manifest a large measure of benevolence, and toward their God a strong sense of accountability.

Oh! we cannot but trust a better day is dawning. One's heart leaps for joy to know that vigorous, untiring effort is now being systematically put forth to arouse the mind and conscience of the public, through societies organized in every direction for the prevention of cruelty to animals. This title covers wide ground, and includes not only indefatigable work in preventing positive abuse of dumb creatures, but likewise in promoting, so far as our ability extends, their comforts and their enjoyments. And to so eminently righteous an enterprise let each one whose heart is rightly concerned in the cause of humanity joyfully give his or her mite of influence, time, money, in the name of Him who has said, "Blessed are the merciful, for *they* shall obtain mercy."



## MY FATHER'S OLD AGE.

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NO one who ever saw my father in his old age would have been likely on leaving him to say with Ossian, "Age is dark and unlovely;" for all who knew him testified that *his* was a picture of cheerfulness, patience, activity, and never-ceasing gratitude to God. "The serenity of his spirit," said a good minister, "is a pleasant remembrance."

Life to him had been no "summer sea." A fatherless child from the age of seven, he was early initiated into its toils and trials; and in subsequent years many and various were the sorrows allotted him. Yet nothing ever appeared to shake his abiding faith in the loving-kindness of his Heavenly Father; and even after that heaviest blow which removed from him when he was past threescore and ten her who had been his beloved and congenial companion in joy and grief for thirty-eight years, no murmuring word ever fell from his lips. When the first shock of bereavement had passed, the prevailing utterance of his heart might be found in the beautiful lines of Southey—

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form thou lov'st; the *spirit* is not *there*!

He still loved fondly to train the flowers they had been accustomed to cultivate and watch together; the books she had especially valued were precious in his eyes; the traces of her hand or pen were sacred things. "I think of her continually," he would say, "and I sometimes wonder how she is now employed, whether it may not be possible that she watches over us and is conscious of our doings." How he loved to talk of the life to come! no other topic interested him half so much; but it ever blended in his mind with the disposition to enjoy all that was nobly and right-fully enjoyable in this. He could see no piety in depreciating the blessings of earth for the purpose of magnifying the felicities of heaven; nor discover aught well pleasing to God in slighting the gifts of the present life for the anticipations of the future, believing that *both* are equally His bestowments and the fruit of His goodness toward us. Hence, ardently as he admired and prized the pious strains of Dr. Watts, it pained him to read this line in one of that good man's hymns:

Lord, what a wretched land is this!

its tone of complaint seeming to him not in harmony with the cheerful thankful spirit that he believed should be cherished by a disciple of Christ. And as from all his own pursuits and pleasures the frivolous and worldly element had ever been excluded, in *his* mind

there was nothing painfully antithetical between thoughts of earth and thoughts of heaven.

One of the most striking traits in his character was his exceeding love of nature in all her forms and aspects. At seventy-eight he delighted to walk with me to some spot whence we could see, unobstructed by any hinderance, the setting sun and evening sky; and as we gazed upon them no little changing cloud or delicate line of color was unmarked by him. He has told me he sometimes tried to draw the attention of people to the beauty of sunset; but they would only smile and say, "Oh yes, but don't we see the sun set every day of our lives?"

At the same age he loved on clear starry nights, often under a keenly cold wintry atmosphere, to spend some time out of doors, observing the different constellations in the heavens, occasionally even sacrificing a little sleep to his favorite pursuit. All his intellectual pleasures were heightened and elevated by that intensely devotional temperament, which through every created object raised his aspirations to the Creator. While all things presented to his grateful spirit "something to please and something to instruct," "lifting," in the words of Cowper, "to heaven an unpresumptuous eye, he smiling said, my Father made them all."

He loved little children, and little children in return loved him. He rejoiced to make them happy;

to call out their intellectual and moral perceptions ; to draw forth their religious sensibilities ; to teach them reverence to God, and benevolence toward everything that lives and breathes. Few have passed through life retaining in so remarkable a degree innocent and unsuspecting simplicity of character, which, alas ! not unfrequently placed his worldly interests in the power of the sordid and designing ; for his was the goodness that "thinks no ill where no ill seems."

His books, his walks, and his pen were his great resources for enjoyment ; but the hours that he valued above all others were those spent alone in secret communion with his own heart and with his God. "I may say to you, my dear child" (such were his words), "prayer is the life of my soul." It was from these hours of holy intercourse with heaven he had been wont throughout his earthly pilgrimage to gather strength day by day for its various trials ; and it was from these hours he was enabled in the evening of his life, on reviewing all its vicissitudes, to say, "I will bless the Lord at all times : His praise shall be continually in my mouth."

In thinking of my beloved parent and of his bright and happy old age, one day after leaving him I wrote a little sonnet, which I am grateful to remember he read with pleasure, and with which I close this sketch :

At evening-time there shall be light.—ZECH. xiv. 7.

I know an aged man : his hair is white :  
Yet in the very winter-depth of age  
His is no winter : for his soul is bright  
With cheerful things and pure : it is the page  
Where holy feelings, kind affections, write  
Love unto God and love to human kind,  
Keeping from chilling frost his heart and mind.  
Of many pains and sorrows could he tell ;  
Yet grateful saith he, "*He* doth all things well."  
He smiles upon a child ; he loves a flower :  
With book or pen delighteth oft to dwell  
Alone ; to him is fair the morning hour,  
Pleasant the sun, the stars, the noon, the night ;  
It is *his* "evening-time," and it *is* "light!"



## THE FAULTS OF OTHERS, AND OUR OWN.

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IS it wrong, unchristian, at variance with the Divine Law of Love, *sometimes* to speak in a right spirit of the faults of others? It is occasionally so asserted, and, as it appears to me, erroneously. Surely our moral perceptions are bestowed on us that we may discriminate between good and evil, between right and wrong, and we are required by Him who gave them to exercise those perceptions justly and conscientiously. The character and actions of those by whom we are surrounded cannot be unobserved by us; as these continually pass before our mental vision, it is a positive duty to form, so far as we may be able, correct estimates concerning them. Is it enjoined upon us by Christian benevolence to express our approval of the good while we are *systematically* silent as to the evil around us? I think not.

It is through the lives and acts of individuals that abstract moral qualities appear, and that we can alone observe the practical development of these qualities. It seems clearly demanded of us by Christianity, when actions involving right and wrong principle are spoken

of, to manifest not in the spirit of a censor, but simply in that of faithfulness to truth and righteousness, our own convictions respecting them. Few things would be more unjust than to say that those who do this thereby arrogate to themselves superior goodness, or erect themselves into a standard either of perfection in practice or infallibility in judgment. Some of the most modest and humble-minded individuals I have known have been those who did not hesitate on suitable occasions to bear their testimony against even the minor immoralities of life, although many of the faults and follies of society are so popular that no one who cares to gain credit with the world will venture even the tenderest comment upon them.

How can, how *should* one whose heart throbs warmly with the love of justice, nobleness, benevolence, steadfastly and on mistaken principle resolve to hold his peace, when plain violations of these are forced upon him, as in the ordinary current of life will most surely often be the case? *That* very benevolence, which is claimed by some as dictating utter silence, would itself be aggrieved thereby. The spirit in which a right-minded person will advert to these is so far from being incompatible with the holy precepts of our Divine Instructor, that it comports much more truly with them than to smile on, in apparently unmoved placidity, equally upon right and wrong.

It was said of that glorious man and minister, the



late Frederick W. Robertson, that "with those who were weak, crushed with remorse, fallen, his compassion, tenderness and long-suffering were as beautiful as they were unfailing, but falsehood, hypocrisy, or the sins of the strong against the weak stirred him to the very depths of his being." And it is doubtful whether we are capable of intense love for the things that are excellent, if there is not within us a corresponding capacity of as lively a recoil from such as are palpably the reverse.

Those who can speak with almost equal complacency of *all* people must lack either discrimination or truthfulness, must either be negative characters themselves, or to some extent dissemblers. We should try to see all the good that really exists in every one with whom we come in contact, but to imagine and praise such qualities where it is obvious they do *not* really exist is no proof of true charity. On the contrary, to praise undistinguishingly is often only a cheap and easy way of obtaining popularity.

Let me not for a moment unintentionally misrepresent myself. There is not under heaven a lovelier grace than that which is described as being "kind, not puffed up," and which "thinketh no evil," without a portion of which the love of Christ must be a stranger to our hearts. There is not a more winning companionship than that of one with whom we always feel safe from ungenerous criticism, or unkind misconstruction. A mind that should be ever on the alert

for little foibles and frailties in those around it, that more especially would

Spy out wee faults, and seek great worth to hide,  
has a thoroughly detestable calling. In what has been said I simply mean that as every truth has its necessary limitations, so should this maxim of *never* speaking in disapproval of others have likewise *its* just limit in order to become a truly Christian one.

Nevertheless, we cannot too closely guard the temper and manner in which we allude to the faults of our fellow-creatures, lest personal distaste or a mere fondness for talking take to itself the "counterfeit presentment" of a pure love of virtue, and we should endeavor to avoid all such criticism on others as we would deprecate as uncharitable were it applied to ourselves. The best of *all* testimony we can give against wrong is by seeking to cultivate the right, and by sedulously striving to avoid in *ourselves* whatever pains or shocks us in our neighbor, "considering," as saith the excellent old monk, Thomas à Kempis, "how such a practice looks in another, and remembering it would be as bad or worse in thyself, remembering also that thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance."

And thus from our observation of those human infirmities whereof we each and every one are partakers, we shall draw no aliment for self-gratulation, but rather material for improvement in all that is pleasing to God and useful to man.

## THE INTELLECTUAL AND RELIGIOUS ENJOYMENT OF NATURE.

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To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language.—W. C. BRYANT.

THE mere circumstance of having our life's lot cast among the beautiful forms of God's natural works is not necessarily accompanied with that discriminating sense of the resources they contain for increasing intellectual happiness, which alone makes us true proprietors of their value. It is the mind only that can enable us to draw from the vast treasury of the natural world the rich materials it is ever disclosing for our enjoyment. It is the mind that creates those combinations of thought and feeling, those exhaustless sources of pleasing and elevating emotions which the uncounted varieties of God's works present to their fervent admirer. And how rarely are these sedulously cultivated! How seldom adequately valued! The eye of the common observer passes over the changing cloud, the waving forest, the summer lightning, the spring blossom, the winter tempest,

the flowery meadow, all, all with one unmoved—I had almost said—“brute, unconscious gaze.” There are those who appear to possess more than a low degree of general mental training who read and even think on many subjects, and descant upon science and on art, and pen sensible productions, who appear as torpidly indifferent to the “harmonious volume” God has opened before them in Nature as the mere man of business in his counting-room. They are entirely unacquainted with the mine of mental wealth hidden in the study of “*these* as they change,” and are utter strangers to that train of ennobling pleasures linked in the mind of a deeper observer with the manifestations of Almighty Power and Goodness in his natural creation. The soothing or elevating influences of contemplation upon these they never or but transiently felt. Never, probably, have *they* gone forth from the cares of life or the dejection of sorrow, and “heard the voice of God among the trees,” or in the stillness of the valley, speaking to their bosoms, above the turmoil of earth, the tones of peace; nor ever associated with the radiant glory of an evening sky one image of the blessedness and brightness of *that* world whose sky is unclouded forever. They have casually cast their eye on the moon as she wandered in her perfect orb through the zenith, or rested her pale crescent on the horizon; and *if* one idea has thereby been elicited, it has been simply that

it was *full* or that it was *new*. They have seen, season after season, the early flowers spring up in the fresh luxuriance of the budding year, and truly of them it might be said, as Wordsworth of his own Peter Bell :

A primrose by the water's brim  
A yellow primrose was to *him*,  
And it was *nothing* more.

The true, holy love and enjoyment of Nature are not to be confounded with the rhapsodies of the idle sentimentalist. Happily, too, the associations which, in the literature of a preceding age, almost inseparably linked natural objects with mythological fictions are rapidly fading from that of the present. Poets do not *now* people every wood-walk with the Dryads, or every stream with Naiades, or invoke the Muses in every ramble, or soliloquize about Castalian dew in every fountain. Which, indeed, of our *modern* bards would begin a poem with "Descend, ye Nine!" or "Apollo, aid my lyre"?

But it is not the mythological fable or the mere romantic soliloquy that can supply to the deeply-thinking and deeply-feeling mind the hidden springs of blessed associations presented to it by an intellectual and religious contemplation of Nature. To enjoy these it must have cultivated its higher perceptions, both intellectual and moral. It must be capable of looking from the material to the immaterial. *Then*

will those delicious sensibilities be called forth which freshen and brighten the daily routine of our daily being, and cheer us when walking in the dry and dusty highways of the world's strife.

To the precious revenue of these enjoyments the *devotional* temperament may be made to contribute as abundantly as the intellectual. *He* alone to the full extent feasts his soul amid the rich treasures of God's works who of that God is the humble, fervent, adoring worshiper. He alone comprehends in some degree that illimitable range of spiritual resources they supply, which cannot be described to those who know them not.

These enjoyments are, happily, not the exclusive property of one little coterie or privileged class of human beings. Neither are they among those fluctuating sources of gratification that exhaust themselves in a few years, and then leave us desolate, mourning for what we can no longer grasp. If we once possess them, through life they stay by our side. *We* grow old, but God in His works, as in His Word, is the same yesterday, to-day, forever. While the earth remaineth, the beautiful vicissitudes of "seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." The fashions of the times may change, and even a portion of its written learning from age to age grow obsolete, but the lessons God teaches the heart in Nature are unchang-

ingly the same. The rolling year goes on, the glorious sun and the kindling star, the budding flower and the leafy forest, the arching firmament and the verdant landscape, still brighten and bloom for the children of earth; still tell of "the varied God;" still say to us that He who created and who sustaineth these will much more clothe and care for *us*, and will not that any one of us should perish.

Memory here reverts to a husband and wife who, at the respective ages of sixty and seventy years, were accustomed to set forth on their evening walk to watch the last lingering loveliness of a summer sunset with as much delight as in the buoyant, golden days of "love's young dream." The solemn beauty of the starry night, or the resplendent glory of the moon walking in brightness, still awakened in their souls a gushing fountain of enjoyment as genuine as it was unsatiating. They were as much interested in the training of the spring woodbine, the summer rose, the autumn marigold or convolvulus, in this their eventide of life, as when, in earlier days, they drew their beloved little ones to hail the first cowslip that peeped beneath the hedge, or encouraged them to seek for the early violet "half hidden from the eye" amid its concealing leaves.

But *they* had not rested in the admiration of Nature as a beautiful abstraction; they had looked up to Nature's God. From things seen and visible their

hearts had been lifted to things unseen and eternal. Hand in hand they had passed through many of earth's sorrows, but the voice of God's works, speaking in harmony with that of His Word, was never to them without a soothing and cheering influence. They were *Christians*; and while their hope of Eternal Life was grounded upon the revelation of God in the volume of His Gospel, they saw in all the beautiful and varying forms of this natural world the lessons of a compassionate Father sent down on earth, the types of a holy habitation, an enduring rest, prepared for them in heaven.





## EVERY-DAY EXAMPLE.

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I HAVE often thought had I children to educate I could never voluntarily place them under the daily supervision of any instructor whose personal character I should be unwilling for them to resemble, since the observation, how trite soever is none the less true, that the influence of *example*, as given by parents and teachers, is incalculable.

A great deal is continually said in religious papers respecting the solemn responsibility of Sunday-school teachers. I have been one during many years of my life, and for a still longer period my occupation on all other days of the week was that of a preceptor of youth. While hearing so much said by ministers and others of the mighty power for good wielded in the Sunday-school, and fully appreciating it, I often used to think (working as I was in both capacities) that the accountability devolving upon me for the lesson of my life and words in my every-day school was immeasurably greater. And though I ever faithfully strove to benefit religiously those who gathered round me for an hour on Sundays, I constantly felt that my possi-

bilities of doing good to *them* were few and small, compared with those which Providence granted me all the rest of the week in hourly intercourse with the occupants of my school-room. I felt convinced that the spirit I daily carried into its cares and duties would inevitably make manifest to those around me whether I was trying to guide my life according to the maxims of worldly or of heavenly wisdom, and would, in some degree, insensibly act upon the hearts and minds with whom my own was there brought into contact. And without infusing the slightest theological tincture into any subject whatever, scarcely can a class go through even a lesson in reading, or a recitation in history, but opportunities are afforded of leaving some salutary impression upon the mind. The simplest comment made by a teacher may often indicate whether her own heart be most in sympathy with the spirit of the world or the spirit of Christ. In fact, no instructor can fail, however unconsciously, to show those under her charge whether she values most highly the honors and fashions of society or the approval of God, whether her great desire for herself and her pupils is to be admired and popular among men, or to be conformed to the self-sacrificing, ennobling precepts of Christianity. The moral and religious power of her own character is, directly or indirectly, an influence among them all the day long.

Would we, either as parents or teachers, inspire the

youthful mind with holy principles and purposes, we must take special heed to the current of our own *every-day* lives. Who can measure the consequences of our utterances in conversation, the sentiments we express with regard to the actions of individuals either in public or private life? How easily while professing zeal for the spiritual welfare of the young may we mournfully counteract all we say and do on the subject by the way in which we sometimes allow ourselves to talk of things that are passing around us!

If we speak of worldly wealth as the one thing needful, and pronounce its possessors the fortunate of mankind without any recognition of the advantages it bestows in opening blessed and various channels for benevolent activity, how can we expect our children to honor and desire moral worth and Christian goodness above earthly riches?

If they see that we think it indispensable to our happiness to be as elegantly attired and to live in as costly a style as our neighbors, how shall they, how *can* they, imagine that we hold in much esteem the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit?

If they observe that we are fretful and complaining at every little untoward circumstance, permitting ourselves to be ruffled by perhaps the most trifling incidents, while they seldom hear us speak with gratitude of our blessings, or recognize the loving-kindness of our Heavenly Father in the daily gifts we receive

from Him, can we suppose they will believe that the religion we profess is a principle animating our life?

Kindly sympathy toward the poor, humanity and tenderness to dumb creatures, truthfulness even in little things—how inexpressibly important are all these! yet how rarely inculcated or how totally overlooked by multitudes of professedly Christian mothers in the training of their little ones! But can the spirit of *true* Christianity exist where these virtues are wanting? Are *those* young hearts being rightly molded for the Kingdom of Christ that have never been early taught to love and practice them?

I have known parents making a decided profession of piety, and continually expressing earnest desires for "the conversion of their children," who are guilty of annually telling these children the unmitigated lie that "Krisskingle comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with presents," and who say they see no harm in it, though in doing so they are directly violating the letter and spirit of that religion whose corner-stone is *Truth*.

I have heard other parents talk perpetually about Christian self-sacrifice who, if men, will not themselves forego even their *tobacco*, if women will not lay down a trimming or a bracelet from the adornment of their persons.

Oh, would we leave blessed traces for Time and Eternity upon other minds, especially youthful ones,

let us habitually, conscientiously, watch the tenor *of our own*. Let us pray that we may be aided to cultivate such a constant rightmindedness as shall preclude the possibility of our injuring, by our involuntary influence, any of the rising generation among whom our lot may be cast, so that no omissions or commissions of ours may be the means of keeping back one of these little ones from the kingdom of heaven.



## THE SWALLOWS.

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Why is not my life as happy and graceful as that of the swallows? Because they are innocent, confiding and unconscious, and fulfill all the laws of their being without any obstruction.—MRS. L. M. CHILD.

WHEN I first read this passage in the writings of a highly gifted woman, it seemed to me so beautiful that I did not stop to inquire, "Is it altogether true?" But on trying to analyze it I thought I perceived that there is not a *perfect* analogy between us and the "unconscious" swallows.

The brute creation, so called, stand on a different plane from ourselves in regard to the laws of their being. They are by nature invested with positive instincts, which unerringly impel them in all their actions, the choice of their food, dwelling-places and general habits. They need no educating step by step, for nature is to them an immediate and infallible instructor.

It is not thus with human beings. We, like them, it is true, have physical impulses, wants and desires, but we have no certain guidance implanted within, which *unsought* directs us almost mechanically in their

proper exercise. This guidance never comes *to us* by instinct; we only learn it through that voluntary self-regulation which is the gradual growth of reason and conscience; and unless we carefully cultivate these, it is idle to talk about "fulfilling all the laws of our being without obstruction." Animals indeed are safely and "unconsciously" led by *their* natural propensities, since their instincts, the same in every generation, though unprogressive, control these propensities aright, but *we* have the whole lesson to learn each one for himself; it does not and will not come to any one of us ready made, and however assiduously we apply ourselves to learn it, many will be the "obstructions" we must encounter in the practice of *our* lesson which never trouble the swallows, either in the acquisition or practice of *theirs*.

One of those laws of our being which has been recognized by the wise and good of all ages, both in Christian and in heathen nations, by Confucius, Socrates, Seneca and others, and which has been above all most impressively taught by the Divine Founder of Christianity is, that all true virtue is the fruit alone of earnest persevering effort to do right and to avoid wrong. That maxim which at the present day is sometimes enunciated with so plausible seeming, "Act out your own nature," is fraught with mischief and peril, and ought not to be adopted but with the most cautious reservation. For which of us has a nature that can

without moral danger be “acted out” if unrestrained by the guard of strict moral principle? Alas! are not all the crimes that desolate and darken this poor world the result of their perpetrators having “acted out” their own ungoverned natures and passions? Only allow this maxim to gain secure footing as a correct one, and you deliberately throw wide open the floodgates of evil and misery upon society.

Whenever our higher and nobler impulses are prompting our actions, *these* we may gladly and lawfully follow, with safety, fearlessness and faithfulness, indifferent to the praise or blame of any human voice; but when the sordid or selfish predominates (and what child of earth does not *sometimes* need to watch against the ascendancy of these?), let us *then*, so far from acting out our own nature, give all our efforts to curb, repress, resist, and, if possible, *conquer* it by the united force of a strong will, firm principle, and the grace of God.





## EARLY INFLUENCE.

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**I**NFLUENCE is an all-potent engine for good or for evil. No character, great or humble, is formed without its instrumentality. No life passes whose daily course bears not traces of influence as its recipient; nor any whose daily course casts not some lights and shadows around it on others as its creator. From the first dawn of being we are each and every one its subjects; and let us live as long as we may, we shall never become absolutely independent of its authority.

If character is modified, and to some extent created, by influence, what must be its importance as connected with the opening springtime of existence—its earliest tendencies in bending that twig, according to the direction of which “the tree inclines?” The healthful dew of night is not more silent, the poisonous miasma not more unheeded, than many of the early influences that most powerfully affect the mind’s subsequent history and character. We are formed by them, and we know it not. Thus the whole mental superstructure is created, partly irrespective of ourselves; and

we may become an almost "patriarch pupil" in the school of influences before we are led to analyze their origin and progress.

Those of the home circle, and especially of the maternal relation, are proverbially powerful beyond all others. From Rebecca, whose evil counsel inculcated on her favorite Jacob the principle and practice of deceit, to the mother of Byron, creating, by her unnatural coldness and cruelty toward her child, the almost malignant misanthrope of his age—from Hannah, lending her son "for life unto the Lord," to the mother and grandmother whose "unfeigned faith" dwelt in Timothy also—the world of great as well as minor minds has been swayed and shaped by maternal guidance.

We all know *who* said that his mother's kiss made him a painter; we cannot forget *whose* varied and wonderful linguadental attainments were traced by himself to the encouragement his infant impulses received, as a mother's voice gently answered his unceasing appeals for knowledge with, "Read, and you will know." We cannot forget that he whose "Rise and Progress" has gone through the length and breadth of many lands, referred his own love for the Sacred Scriptures to those hours when his mother read to him the stories of Holy Writ from the Dutch tiles in the old fire-place; nor that his contemporary, whose spiritual songs have, like those of David, gone

up to God on the lips of thousands, had the lesson of *mine* and *thine* ineffaceably engraved on his little mind, when bringing, at the age of three years, a *pin* from the house of a neighbor, by being sent back by his mother to restore even *that* trifle to its owner.

The world of early influences is an extensive one. Influences whisper to the youthful bosom from nature, from history, from poetry, from science, from art. Influences come to us in life's first years from all that surrounds us; from the very first books we read with avidity; the first names in learning that arrest our attention; the first strains of music that touch our soul; the first voice to which we listen in public that speaks with the stirring tones of eloquence; the first epithets that we hear appended to certain mental qualities, whether noble or ignoble; the first associations with which the things of time and sense are spoken of by those around us, as compared with things immaterial and eternal. There are influences caught from the garden and the meadow, the streamlet and the sky; from the floating cloud and the fading sunset; from the wind in the woods and the chirp of the grasshopper; influences which modify and color the nature of all our subsequent associations with the objects themselves. And who cannot point to some volume or volumes, the frequent perusal of which modeled his taste and formed a kind of touchstone by which he learned to judge of others?

Early influences are abiding ones. Their authority over even the maturely developed mind is mighty ; nor can the combined forces of reason and conviction and judgment always avail to disenthral it from their dominion. Even the giant intellect of Dr. Johnson was inadequate to emancipate itself from the weak superstitions engendered in his infant breast by hobgoblin nursery tales, which were the annoyance of his imagination throughout life. We take the "hue and coloring" of our mental habits, and even of our prejudices, from those around us ; and, unfortunately, in being acted upon by surrounding influences, the affinities of our minds for these are not always purely *elective*. Many of them are indeed involuntary ; and so much easier is it to surrender ourselves to lower than to assimilate toward higher ones, that the unpropitious oftentimes gain the ascendancy over the healthful. How vitally essential, then, is it that the character of the associations which cluster around our youthful years be both morally and intellectually such as the heart may acknowledge with gratitude and delight throughout the after-pages of its history ! The keynote in music, giving character to a whole piece, is not more important than that keynote of the future character which is generally given within the walls of Home.

Unhappily, though the voice of the *few*, speaking to us from good books and good men, declares the

words of truth and soberness, yet that of the *many* sets forth the praises of wealth, power, folly and fashion; and the eternal realities and sublime resources of our higher being are scarcely named, or slightingly, as castles in the air. *Those* enjoy a peculiar privilege whose early estimates of good and evil, of right and wrong, have not been formed upon the teachings of the crowd; whose principles and tastes have been molded upon such models and such standards as ever lead them to place the animal above the intellectual, the social above the selfish, the valuable above the splendid; and, finally, the things seen and temporal below the things unseen and eternal.

There could hardly be presented a more beautiful illustration of the nature and workings of a high intellectual and moral influence upon the formation of character than in Fenelon's admirable Telemachus. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, inclined to yield himself to the impulse of the moment without duly considering whither it would lead him, evil oftentimes appeared to him as good and good as evil; unaided by strength superior to his own, his steps would surely have failed a thousand and a thousand times, amid the hidden pitfalls and quicksands which environed them.

But behold how gently, yet prevailingly, the holy guidance of wisdom leads him along! mildly controlling his choice without annihilating it; guiding, not

binding, his will! No Rinaldo, hewing down at *one* stroke the tree with whose fall all the illusions of the enchanted garden vanished, this heavenly guardian, with gradual growth of power, quietly walks by his side through the voluptuous bowers of Calypso, counteracts her siren words of flattery, shields him from her fascinations, and, after bringing him victoriously through many minor conflicts, enables him at last even to withstand awhile the rising strength of a pure and virtuous attachment, rather than that anything should clash with his one settled purpose and duty, his return to Ithaca. His struggles between inclination and honor, between weakness and resolution, the expedients by which he endeavors to hide from his own view the secret disguises of his heart, are delicately and truthfully delineated, and commend themselves to the experience of all who have entered in good earnest on the conflict and combat of life.

Let us review those influences that have in some measure formed our own minds, and ask ourselves the question, "Who can tell what each of us is daily doing for others?" We need not be parents, or even professionally teachers, to accomplish something in this matter. For to each of us it is given to stir some *little* wave of influence in the mighty sea of mind; to leave behind us *some* "footprint on the sands of time."

Let us see to it that the tendency of our influence is such as may tell for good upon those who receive

it. Let not our example, our deportment, the spirit and tenor of our lives lead those around us to feel, or even to *appear* to feel, that so far as we are concerned, "to eat, drink and be clothed," according to the way or fashion of the surrounding world, is in our view the chief good of human life. Let us try to draw from a purer, brighter atmosphere, from "an ampler ether and diviner air," the daily breath of our own spirits, that we may infuse some portion of its invigorating impulses into those around us. Let us feel that each of us can do and ought to do something to elevate the principle and practice of the rising age. *That* is an utterly false humility which declines all such efforts on the weak but fashionable plea of those efforts being too insignificant to oppose the torrent, too unimportant to be of any value.

Drops make up the shower; grains the ant-hill; single lines of light the whole concentrated effluence of the glorious sun. We may feel that we can be but that drop, that grain; and that if even a single line of light be emitted from *our* moral pathway, it must be indeed faint as that of the gray and trembling dawn. But if we may venture to hope that only *one* mind, which is hereafter to act on life's great stage when we shall be withdrawn from it, shall be able to look back and refer to any instrumentality of ours the formation of one good principle, the power of increasing others' welfare, or its own true happiness; if we

can lead even a little child by the glorious fountain of intellectual delights, or the more glorious fountain of living waters, and in the footsteps of Him whose favor is life, and whose loving-kindness better than life, more blessed shall we be in the great day of His appearing than if we had "subdued kingdoms" or "taken a strong city."





## OUR SOCIAL DEPENDENCES.

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A CERTAIN independence of the world with regard to our enjoyments is not only desirable, but necessary to be attained by all who aspire to a life of rational happiness. It is the part of wisdom to render our *best* pleasures of such a nature that they shall be as little dependent as possible on the will of others, and sufficiently in our own power to place them within our reach in hours of loneliness and seclusion. To be *entirely* unindebted to our fellow-creatures, however, for any portion of our resources for enjoyment, can never be the pride of an amiable mind, much less the boast of a discriminating one. Such an independence is indeed totally unattainable, for if we reflect upon our daily wants as well as our daily enjoyments, we shall find that links imperceptible bind us to each other. Even if we contemplate those pleasures and pursuits which are most our own, and which are *comparatively* least connected with social auxiliaries, we shall perceive they have flowed through a thousand little channels in which our fellow-creatures have been engaged to serve us.

Do those who delight in treading the acclivities of science, and exploring the stores of art, imagine that for these sources of delight and improvement they are wholly unindebted to any but themselves? How much of the labor of their forerunners has been bestowed in investigating those truths, in recording those discoveries, in elucidating those researches, with which it now only remains for *them* to become acquainted! Small would be the progress of science, limited the attainments of art, were each adventurer in their paths compelled to commence an unexplored track *alone*, and scanty indeed must be the perfection to which *that* traveler in either would arrive, who was not guided in his way by the illuminations thrown upon it from the lights placed at distances along the road by his predecessors. Everywhere other minds have toiled for our harvest. How many have been employed in arranging the arguments whose convincing truth wins our understanding, the ideas whose sublimity and beauty fill us with delight, in combining the images whose bright impressions reflect luster on our own minds, in delineating those exquisite touches of soul and thought which we retrace with rapture and glow as we survey!

Nor is it alone the superior part of our species, as regards their contributions to even our intellectual pleasure and progress, upon whom we shall find reason to look with feelings of sincere obligation. How

many hands have been busied in preparing the press, in arranging the types, which must be set in motion in order to present to our acceptance the smallest volume which offers us its mental treasure! Could we take up even a sheet of paper or a pen had not social aids been previously employed in making them ready for our use?

We are indebted to our contemporaries as well as our predecessors, to those we regard as our inferiors as well as to our superiors and our equals. In the unbroken flow of our daily comforts, too, we are bound by innumerable obligations to the lowliest and humblest of our kind. Those nameless, numberless little offices of kindness and attention which smooth the pillow of sickness, lighten the weight of sorrow, or soften the languor of depression, are often performed for us by those to whom the volume of science or taste is something hermetically sealed. The cultivated European once received support from the hand held out to him by an untutored child of the African desert. There are moments, there are seasons in life of sorrow and sadness, when it is sweeter to the drooping soul to meet in a companion the sympathizing tear or smile than the profoundest depth of intellect, when the bosom, worn with anxious thought and corroding solicitude, and incapacitated for the prouder flights of the spirit, is glad to resign the exertions and energies of the head for those interchanges of sympathetic

feeling which shed beams of comfort and brightness on the heart.

Therefore we will not weakly pride ourselves on a fancied independence of others, which, were it even possible, would be undesirable; nor foolishly value ourselves on those mental resources which we owe to native bias of mind or early opportunities, since by the evident design of a superior Power it is so ordered that we are all rendered so mutually dependent, so linked together by our needs as well as our comforts and pleasures, that in Apostolic language neither can say to the other, "I have no need of you."



## THE SIN OF INTELLECTUAL SELFISHNESS.

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What hast thou that thou hast not received?

**I**F we are accustomed to consider every gift of mind with which we have been intrusted as but

A loan to be repaid with use,

we shall continually be made watchful under the apprehension lest we should not render up a just account of our stewardship, lest we should bury or widely misemploy that talent which an Almighty Hand has committed to our care.

A mind correctly tutored and rightly regulated feels that if its sphere is wider than that of another, it has more assigned it to perform. It will behold the field of duty and of action extend with its extended powers, and will be kept humble under the watchful fear, the salutary solicitude, lest it should fail in rendering up its just tribute unto the Most High.

Why are intellectual treasures intrusted to us? That we may wrap ourselves up in selfish contemplation of them, proudly glorying in their value? No; thus the mere philosopher or poet may allow himself to think and feel, as from his little world of mental luxury

he looks down upon the throng around him; but this the Christian, who is taught by a better and nobler principle of action, will not, cannot, *dares* not do. He will feel that if high capacities are given him it is that they may be devoted to a high application, and that if their possession in any degree enlarges the circle of his enjoyments, so surely does it also of his duties. Instead of viewing himself as a being at liberty to revel in the monopoly of individual gratification, he will regard himself as accountable for the application of his every talent to Him from whom he received it, and who gave it, not that it might concentrate its benefits upon himself alone, but that it might be instrumental in blessing and enriching others. He will recognize it as his duty to be kindly interested in all within the sphere of his influence, even though they may not always be from taste, companionable, or from according feeling, congenial. He will endeavor from motives, the mere selfishly intellectual never knew, to promote their comforts, their joys, their improvement. He will not allow himself to turn in disgust from the coarseness which shocks his refinement, or the narrowness of conception which comprehends not his sentiments, nor will he allow himself to cast the glance of supercilious disdain upon the low range of objects and occupations which makes up the whole little capital of perhaps the majority of minds. He will have learned not only to bear with these, but even to surmount, in a measure,

the undue sensitiveness with which he may have been inclined to shrink from them.

A mind taught by the self-denying precepts of Christianity will find, in the course of the duties such views involve, that *taste* would often decline those sacrifices which *principle* commands, but the time may come when it will be happy enough to find "flowers of brighter pleasure in the field of duty" than it could ever have gathered from the garden of unregulated inclination.

There are other congenialities, too, besides intellectual ones. The sacred chain of cementing principles will unite, and closely, our hearts with some, toward whom no approximation of taste or pursuits invites us.

Yes; there are many experienced in the school of true wisdom who were never taught in that of intellectual refinement, and many prepare to shine as stars in the heavenly kingdom on whom the beams of earthly mental glory have shed but few and feeble rays. Many who are deeply learned in the resignation of the heart, the sacrifices of the will, whose minds the kindlings of lofty thought never illumined, who have faithfully trod their little daily routine of duties in untiring constancy without even a knowledge of those *theories* on which their structure is erected, who are practiced in that spiritual discipline which alone can lead them and us through earth below to heaven above.

Let us allow these reflections to exercise their full force upon our minds. They may be humbling, but they will be salutary, and while we render a tribute of grateful praise to our Creator for those rich mental treasures which open to our souls such uncounted sources of refined enjoyment, let us remember the claims they bring on us for added usefulness and higher excellence. And when these bestowments give us to see with more vivid clearness and power the duties of probationary existence and the weight of religious realities, let us ever bear in memory the admonition transmitted by Divine bequeathment:

If ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them.





## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A REAL CHILDHOOD.

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HOW well I remember the little town of B—— ! My parents removed thither from London, my native city, when I was scarcely three years old; and *there* were passed the hours blest above all other hours of life, in the first fresh and joyous sensations of existence, in utter freedom from every care or sorrow.

B—— consisted principally of one long and wide street, whose houses were, in general, closely built, with gardens behind them, surrounded by a country beautifully undulating, amid pleasant walks through meadows, lanes and woods. The countenances of many of our *then* neighbors, and their general appearance, are still distinctly present to my memory after a lapse of more than forty years. I can even now see our opposite neighbor, Mr. H., the saddler, as, with leathern apron on, he occasionally came to his door and looked up and down the street; little Mr. U., the shoemaker, ever sitting at his last; Mrs. M., the grocer, with white muslin cap bound round her

head by a broad band of the same material; Mr. L., a *very* old gentleman (or such he seemed to me), with gray overcoat and walking-stick; Mr. H., the tailor, whose Sunday suit was a bright blue coat and brighter metal buttons; old Mr. and Mrs. T., who always went out and came in side by side. I remember querying with myself why the landlord of the "Crown Inn" was called Mr. *Goodman*, and the landlord of the "Rising Sun," Mr. *Fairchild*; and I recollect the utter abhorrence with which I looked on Mr. S. and Mr. O., because they were butchers, and wondering much whether Mr. J., who followed the same occupation, and who died when I was, perhaps, six years old, *could* possibly have gone to heaven after having shed the blood of so many innocent and unoffending dumb creatures.

I remember where the parish church stood at the foot of a hill a little way out of the town, in a churchyard crowded with graves, and being first taken to walk there one Sunday evening by my father and mother, when all the surrounding scene was bathed in the soft glow of the setting sun. I recollect the red-haired preacher of the Calvinist place of worship, Mr. C., and the more gentlemanly-looking occupant of the pulpit of what was called the Independent meeting-house, tall, pale Mr. T. I used to look at Mr. and Mrs. A., as they drove past in their elegant barouche or dashing curricie, with some curi-

osity to know if they were any *happier* than others for being decidedly the richest people and owners of the handsomest residence in B——. From one of our walks we could just discern in the blue distance H——, the seat of Lord P——, about whom and whose surroundings, as he was the only titled individual in the neighborhood, I felt some little childish curiosity—a curiosity that was never gratified, as the inhabitants of B—— appeared to know very little respecting him.

I was an only daughter and the eldest child. My parents, having intellectual tastes, were fond to enthusiasm of reading, nature, country walks, and general mental cultivation. Though only in moderate circumstances, they always regarded it as one of the necessities of life to have good books for themselves, and such as were best fitted to develop and instruct the youthful mind for their children. One of my dear father's reasons for removing from London to B—— was to place us under the superior moral and intellectual advantages which he believed a country home possessed over one in the great metropolis. This led him to purchase and remove to the house where we lived in B——, to which was attached a large and well-cultivated garden, opening at the lower end into a beautiful orchard, where daisies and buttercups threw their golden and roseate bloom upon the green grass, presenting a picture which filled me with

ecstasy. We had neither peaches, nectarines nor apricots, for in England these are *wall*-fruit, and *our* garden was inclosed by only a low fence; but the finest of currants—red, white and black—plums, gage, muscle and Orleans; gooseberries of seven or eight varieties; apples of several kinds; strawberries, raspberries, damsons, bullaces, cherries, pears—it furnished in profusion; while its vegetables of various kinds supplied our table, and a space set apart for a flower garden was my especial delight. How very *long* it seemed *then* from one summer or winter to another! The peeping up of the first snowdrop or crocus, the brightening of the gooseberry bushes into leaf, the appearance of the first strawberry blossoms, the earliest bloom on the apple trees, the opening of the fragrant beanflower, each was watched for as a new and separate signal of delight.

I inherited the tastes of my parents, and my earliest-remembered pleasures are books and the beauties of natural scenery. *So* early did I learn to read that I have never been able to remember how that acquisition was made, but I well recollect that a little previous to my fourth year I had no difficulty in reading any book which fell in my way. As one method of early cultivating a literary taste in her little girl, my dear mother adopted the practice of reading aloud to me from any book she herself was perusing such passages as she judged suited to my comprehension.

She had from childhood been accustomed to make rather copious extracts from her reading when the volume happened to be one borrowed from a friend, or taken from the circulating library; thus she had several large volumes in her own handwriting, consisting of selections from multitudes of good and valuable authors, both in poetry and prose. Previous to her marriage, my mother had enjoyed unbounded leisure; and after becoming engaged in the cares of a house of her own she still continued the practice she had commenced in youth. This was not done by the neglect of any domestic duty, either in the direction of her family or the employments of the needle, but by redeeming for this purpose the hours which many women give to idle calls or to needless personal adornment. And in reading these manuscripts to me before I was seven years old my little ear and mind became familiarized with the pastorals and elegies of Shenstone, many of the eclogues and miscellaneous poems of Southey, the beautiful sonnets of Mrs. Charlotte Smith and Anna Seward, "Lucy by the Dove" and "We are Seven," by Wordsworth; Montgomery's "Grave," and some strains of Beattie and Cowper, as well as many of the finest passages in Blair's Sermons, and in various other standard writers of poetry and prose. These I never tired of hearing again and again; and one intense, enthusiastic wish seized upon my soul, that *I, too*, might be able some day to write

such books as should delight many readers, and preserve my name to another generation. Alas! poor child! doomed in thy very first aspirations to yearn after the unattainable!

My parents put into my hands for my first reading the excellent juvenile works of Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld and Maria Edgeworth. To the "Early Lessons" of the former, as well as her charming "Hymns in Prose for Infant Minds," and the "Frank and Rosamond" and the "Harry and Lucy" of the latter, I owe, in common, doubtless, with hundreds of other children, more than I can express of enjoyment and improvement. I used to long for Frank and Rosamond as companions; the rabbits and the hyacinths of Rosamond were realities to me, though I had no rabbits or, as it happened, among my flowers any hyacinths. These admirable little books, in conjunction with home influences, gave my mind a disposition to observe, to compare, to reflect, both with regard to natural objects and moral subjects, and to the consequences of our actions in their bearing on the happiness or misery of our lives. A taste was also excited for making little collections of *curiosities*, as I called them, and before my eighth year I had quite a variety of shells, pebbles, coins, birds' feathers and insects' wings, never, however, feeling tempted to destroy *one* little life to furnish an addition to my stores.

"Paul and Virginia" was one of my early books.

From reading there the pathetic story of the runaway slave, and from hearing my dear mother read from her manuscript volumes Mrs. Opie's "Negro Boy's Tale," and the "Dying Negro" of Mr. Day, I learned to hate slavery with all my little might, in which feeling I was strengthened by my parents' detestation of it, as well as the earnest interest with which they read aloud in the family, when I was a few years older, Clarkson's "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade." Little did I then imagine that in after-life I should hear many professedly Christian teachers trying to represent this monstrous iniquity as an institution which ought to be protected by good government, and even sanctioned and upheld on Christian principles.

Early I delighted in the Bible. A chapter was read in the family every morning by my dear father as a devotional exercise, followed by a prayer, sometimes extemporaneous, sometimes from a book of his own preparation; but this daily reading did not suffice to me, who never tired of pouring over the historical books of the Old Testament or the Gospels of the New. Soon arose in my young mind the anxious questions to which, for some minds, no "*Eureka*" ever comes on this side of the grave. I think I must have been about six years old when, having reflected upon Abel's offering and its acceptance by the Lord, I came to the conclusion that since God had thus man-

ifested His approval of *Abel*, He could certainly, if He pleased, in the same way manifest His approval of *me*. My mother had that morning given me leave to pick up for my own the first apples I found under our jenneting tree. I discovered two, and it occurred to me that this would be an opportunity to make the trial; and as it was really a little effort of self-denial to forego eating them, I thought God might *possibly* welcome it as He had done the offering of Abel. Reverently I laid the apples beneath the tree, and, turning away, knelt down and lifted up my heart in earnest prayer that if the Lord regarded me as worthy of His approval He would be pleased to send down fire and consume them. I scarcely, however, *expected* the fulfillment of my desire, and was more sorry than surprised when, on rising from my knees, I beheld my fruit untouched. But *why* is it so? I said to myself, and remember coming to the conclusion that God would, perhaps, be willing to do as much for me as for His servant of old, but that I recollected having heard my parents say the day of miracles had passed.

At an early age I met with a History of England and with Goldsmith's "Rome," both of which I studied so assiduously that the leading events and characters in each were soon perfectly familiar to me; also with some volumes of Natural History which I read so intently that, although I have never become at all *scientific*, a foundation was laid for that relish of *gen-*



eral knowledge which renders all natural objects doubly interesting. When not more than nine years old I used to draw up little sets of questions and answers, and write papers, on the characteristics and habits of animals, for my own amusement and the improvement of my brothers. When about six and a half, my dear mother proposed I should write a letter to my only living grandparent, her mother, for from six years old I became my own scribe. This was done with much alacrity, but in the letter were *two* misspelled words which seemed to me rather a pardonable error. Not so, however, thought my mother, who told me that bad spelling was disgraceful; that I might exercise my own choice about rewriting it, but that *this* could not go, and that if I wished grandmamma to receive an epistle from me, I must be willing to write a correct one. I was wise enough to *be* willing; consequently, I set to work and prepared one which was forthwith dispatched and received much praise from my grandmother.

Before I could write myself, however, I made one or two attempts to "lisp in numbers," and when I was four years old my dear father took down a little verse or two from my childish lips. And from the age of seven my extreme longing to be a writer found way in producing a few pages of prose or verse on family birthdays or other occasions, sometimes with a dedication to the dear father or mother to whom they were

pecially addressed. How very happy I was in penning these little volumes ! Two or three which have escaped detection I look at even now with feelings mingled and inexpressible. Those to whom they were addressed rest within the grave ; no ! rather let me say, rest in heaven !

The window of my sleeping-room opened upon a view of the western sky. From this window, being always sent to bed very early, I used in summer to watch the evening clouds and the setting sun before I went to sleep. Never since have there been to me such sunsets of glory ! At no period of my life has the happiness derived from sensation and perception been so vivid, so perfect, as previous to eight years of age. The world seemed just as beautiful as it was new ; nature and books yielded me the most exquisite enjoyment ; my health was uninterrupted. Never since has my heart been able to give itself up so completely to that utter fullness of delight which the sunset clouds, a clear starry night, the pale, pure moon, or a bright rainbow then bestowed upon me. My parents loved to take their little ones through the fields and lanes to enjoy a morning or evening ramble ; and oh ! what happiness it was to stroll along the banks so thickly set with primroses, above which rose hedges of hawthorn mingled with woodbine and eglantine ; to hunt for violets or bluebells, and to see the golden broom like a yellow blaze across the com-

mon, to survey the blue hills gently edging the distant horizon, with here and there a church spire, or a wind-mill whose slowly-turning vanes added to the landscape's form and color the charm of gentle motion. Then the birds, which, as an American writer says, "sang as only the birds in England can sing;" the little cat that accompanied us a few rods on our walk and then turned back to await our coming home. Am I mistaken in regarding these as the happiest days I have ever known? I think not. With the development of the reflective faculties, it is true, come wider and deeper joys, but *these* are never perfectly unmingled with cares, with fears, with either personal sorrows or sorrows arising from sympathy with others, and those which flow from Life's immeasurably various forms of suffering. There is in mature life, as some one expresses it, "always a burden of thought bearing on the wheels of enjoyment." *Then* there was none; no saddening retrospect of any painful past, no anxious anticipation of any precarious future.

In my sixth year I was sent to school, but was removed at the end of one quarter, my parents having by this time wisely, as I think, decided that my home progress in my own little studies under their direction was more real and rapid than at "Miss C——'s Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies," which announcement met the eye conspicuously in front of the little Alma Mater for the daughters of B——. Of the

three months spent there I retain but faint recollection, except that nearest my seat in the school-room were two sisters, dressed in deep mourning, whose looks I rather liked; but one being only five years old (*I* was nearly *six*) seemed to me too much my junior for an acquaintance, while the other, who was seven, appeared decidedly too far above me in age for me to think of as a companion. Amusing as this appears now, the position was a perfectly *real* one *then*. Never had I indeed throughout my childhood a single child-associate; none of the children of my parents' few acquaintance in the place seemed to them brought up with sufficient moral and intellectual care to be advantageous companions; and I was so happy in my mother's society, my various little pursuits, my books, my pen, my poor attempts at drawing maps and animals, my flower-beds, my walks with my parents and brothers, the butterflies and birds and all surrounding nature, that I do not remember ever *once* longing after what most children call a *playmate*. I did think, however, that I should be delighted to know Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy and Frank and Rosamond, who seemed to me as living beings as any of the kings or queens of history had ever been. If my parents had visitors I listened attentively to all the conversation, and was much gratified whenever a few words were addressed to me personally to encourage me in my love of learning or my wish to be good.

My excellent parents from the first dawn of reason in my infant mind took intensely earnest pains to implant in it the love of virtue, and the sense of accountability toward God, and implicit obedience to the Divine precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only true foundation for happiness here or hereafter. They did not talk to me in a technical manner about inheriting a corrupt nature, but they *did* constantly point out to me the actual and personal defects of my *own* character, the particular ways in which children are most in danger of doing wrong, and the need and duty of constant watchfulness over myself, and daily prayer to God that He would strengthen me in every effort to do what was well-pleasing in His sight. They taught me that no one *can* be good without *that* help which cometh from above, and that we are never safe in the way of well-doing unless we continually ask that help of our Heavenly Father. They took great pains to awaken in my young mind the lively and quickening action of conscience, and they were in a great measure successful, for I believe I never yielded to indolence, self-will or irritation of temper (which I am sorry to say I too often did) without feeling that I was sinning against my better nature as well as against my Creator. And I think, yea, am sure, that parents and others often err very greatly when they say in reference to violence of temper or disobedience in a child, "Oh! they are nothing but children! they don't know any

better now, poor little things!" They *do* in general, if blest with ordinary good sense, "know better now." I believe the little duties and little sins of childhood are just as faithfully approved or reproved by a child's conscience, in most cases, as are *our* greater duties and sins by our more fully developed consciences. Of course, I am speaking of those children who are born and reared under an ordinary degree of good example and training, sadly imperfect, alas, as that too often is even among well-intentioned parents, and not of those unfortunate little creatures who have, from infancy, been brought up in the haunts of vice, and do not even know the difference between right and wrong.

Among Dr. Watts' Hymns for Children, most of which I committed to memory when between five and eight years of age, is one in which occurs this couplet:

How senseless is my heart and wild!  
How vain are all my thoughts!

These lines gave me great pain, for I felt that though I frequently did wrong and needed daily to ask forgiveness of God for my daily faults, yet that my thoughts were not "*all* vain," nor my heart "senseless and wild." I knew that I took constant delight in gaining useful knowledge, in reading good and instructive books, and in thinking much about my Heavenly Protector and the life to come; therefore I could not repeat these lines without feeling that in

applying them to myself I was uttering an untruth. How wrong it is to put expressions of such unqualified self-depreciation into the lips of little children, who either repeat them mechanically without at all considering their meaning, or are taught to believe that telling such absolute falsehoods is only Christian humility. In a beautiful and noble hymn of Dyer, the writer says :

Children, whose little minds, unform'd,  
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heaven.

I remember to have wept over these lines bitterly. They seemed to me a cruel libel on childhood ; for well I knew that my own " little mind " *did* " raise many a tender thought to heaven," and I believe prayer for help to do right has seldom in later life ascended from my heart more earnestly (certainly not more *sincerely*) to God than at the early age of seven or eight years. The very *first* effort of my thoughts in composition found expression in devotional aspirations.

We lived at B—— in a very retired manner. My father's tastes, unfortunately for his worldly interests, were too intellectual to admit of his engaging successfully in the competitions of the business world ; so that while those whose mental view was pretty much bounded by pounds, shillings and pence pressed onward in the career of pecuniary prosperity, *he* could

never do more than provide a very moderate support for his family. But to my father I owe far more than thousands of silver and gold could have conferred on me, for he taught me to cultivate the rich, blessed and eternal resources of the mind and heart; he instilled into my soul that love of intellectual pleasures, that high appreciation of moral and religious excellence which have taught me to regard the show and glitter of life, and even its innocent indulgences, as but dross and dust in comparison with higher things.

When I was nearly seven years old, my father took me with him on a visit to my maternal grandmother, who lived in Dover, Kent. In going thither we had to make a journey of nearly one hundred miles—my *first* journey since I was three years of age. Every day was like a life-time of excitement, and every hour a new era in existence. In passing through the county of Essex the view of Tilbury Fort had some attractions for me as the place where Queen Elizabeth addressed her troops when about to encounter the formidable Spanish Armada. I was charmed with the luxuriant hop gardens of Kent, with the sight of Rochester Cathedral, the bridge, at a short distance, spanning “the clear, silver Medway,” and my heart bounded as we approached the ancient city of Canterbury, dear to me as the scene of many little passages in my beloved mother’s early years. At evening my father and I left the inn, and walked out to visit



Canterbury Cathedral. There, as my eyes rested on the magnificently painted window which is one of its principal attractions, the splendor of color, varying through every gradation of crimson, purple, blue, green and gold, filled me with a feeling of happiness akin to that which has often been awakened by contemplating the rich hues around the setting sun. The story of Thomas à Becket being familiar to me, I was extremely anxious to see his tomb, and after gazing earnestly on the scene of the Archbishop's murder, turned away from the spot with a little increased respect for *myself* for having really beheld it. But lively as was my delight in visiting Canterbury Cathedral, a still more abounding joy awaited me when on Dover beach I stood upon the very edge of the British Channel (or more properly, the Strait of Dover), almost equal to that of standing on the brink of ocean itself; for Calais, the nearest spot on the French coast opposite, was visible only through a glass. Having gained some small knowledge of Shakespeare through Enfield's Speaker and other leading books, I at once looked around for that portion of the cliffs of which Edgar says in King Lear—

How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!

and the possibility of the samphire-gatherer pursuing his dangerous calling "half-way down" seemed so extremely perilous as to be, in point of fact at least,

questionable. The venerable old castle, towering upon the chalky summits, was an object of interest, but the crowning pleasure of all to me was the beach. During the few days of our stay I never tired of looking for shells, stones and seaweed, and the "five-fingers" and "mariner's pincushion," which are constantly thrown up by the waves. Such rapturous delights had I in these little strolls, that to this day the smell of seaweed excites in me a sensation of peculiar pleasure. My grandmother, a sincerely devout member of the Church of England, made me a present of a Prayer Book, handsomely bound in scarlet morocco and gold, she having been one of the sponsors at my baptism in infancy, in St. James' Church, Westminster; and a beloved friend of my mother put into my hand a small collection of beautiful foreign shells, as an addendum to my own little gatherings. I have them yet, hers and mine; they are things set apart in my eyes; nor would I exchange them for the finest conchological specimens that money can purchase or taste select.

This visit was a great epoch in my little life. Each scene of town or country through which we passed left behind its separate recollections and impressions. Even now a cloudless setting sun often recalls the evening I saw the sun set over the Thames at Gravesend while standing by my dear father's side; a sudden shower frequently brings back the summer rain in

which we were caught while riding over Boughton Hill, and I rarely hear the word "bridge" but involuntarily rise up before me the beautiful arches which span the Medway at Rochester.

A few months after this my dear father, not finding business prosper according to his wishes, began to turn his thoughts to a residence nearer London. A small *Gazeteer* was put into my hand, and I was directed to make out from it an alphabetical list of all the towns ten miles and under from the metropolis. I went with sadness to my work. The mere employment was pleasant and easy enough, but the prospect of leaving the home with which every loved association of my brief life was intertwined was almost heart-breaking. Many a little sigh I heaved during the process of making out this list, which was to include my as yet unknown future dwelling-place. And finally the town of E——, in the county of Middlesex, about seven miles from London, was fixed upon. My father, after visiting it and renting a house, came home with the announcement that we were to get ready and remove immediately. In reply to my inquiry as to the appearance of the house we were to occupy, he told me it was white. "Oh! a white cottage!" I exclaimed, joyfully, having often been sorry that *our* house presented only an exterior of dingy brick, and feeling as if to live in a *white cottage* might be some compensation for the change impending. Great was my cha-

grin when my dear father answered it could scarcely with propriety be termed a *cottage*, since it was part of the wing of a residence once occupied by the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, "whose history," said he, "you have so often read."

Our little homestead was soon sold at a sacrifice to the first bidder; the time came to bid it adieu, and *then* and *there* I took my first lesson in life's sorrows and partings. Oh! that last look at our garden! at the gooseberry bushes which were just bursting into leaf! at the orchard where buttercups and daisies were crimsoning and gilding the grass; the lane, whose primroses were in full tufts; the latticed window in my bedroom, through which I had so often gazed "on the fast-fading hues of the west!" the parlor where my dear mother had so many times read to me from her favorite authors; where she had sung to me "How sweet in the woodlands," and other little airs well remembered; the spot where I had sat to write my little books—to each, to all, at seven and a half years old, I bade adieu. We left our own home, and we never owned another!

Not the beautiful scenery of Epping Forest through which we passed on our way to E——, nor the magnificent appearance of Wanstead House, then the residence of Mr. W. W. P. Long, had power sufficient to charm me successfully. The first little beguilement from my sorrow arose from finding that our new gar-

den had some flowers I had rarely seen before. Poly-anthuses, wall-flowers, stock-gillyflowers, heartseases and violets, snowdrops and crocuses, lilacs and laburnums, were old familiar friends; but the variously colored lupine, the rich clove pink, and the brilliant nasturtion were not in our garden at B——. Our house at E——was in reality much pleasanter than that we had left; our garden nearly as extensive; in fact it surrounded the house both before and behind, yet to me it never seemed half so pleasant, nor the walks around the neighborhood so delightful. The tragical fate of the mansion's ancient proprietor often haunted my mind; and although I do not remember ever hearing or reading a ghost story of any kind in my childhood, and had passed thus far on my pilgrimage perfectly free from any terror of the supernatural, yet I well recollect that an inexplicable fear and trembling frequently seized me in broad daylight, as I passed through what seemed to me the long passages to the rooms upstairs. I have never been able to account for or explain this, but so it *was*, and caused me much suffering.

The pleasantest image imprinted on my mind in connection with E—— is an inn at the upper end of the town, adorned with a large painted sign of John Gilpin, hat and wig flying off, and horse running away; having often read Cowper's amusing ballad, I used to pass this place with considerable interest.

During our residence here a second attempt was made to send me to school, and again relinquished for the same reason as before. My various little pursuits were continued as usual; but though my parents formed some agreeable acquaintance, and visited more than we had done at B——, I was not happy at E——. An undertone of sadness had been awakened in my nature, and, strange as it may seem, so deeply did the departure from the first home that I *remembered* affect my whole being, that I have never, in a single instance, throughout subsequent life, looked forward to a *new* home with one pleasant anticipation. So that though not very happy at E——, yet when at the end of a year's residence there my dear parent announced his intention of again making a change, I regretted it. He decided to remove to the suburban part of London, hoping such a locality might combine better facilities for business with a good measure of pure air and country advantages.

Our next home was, therefore, on the south side of the Thames, within half an hour's walk of London Bridge, and a still shorter time would bring us out into the open country and green fields. The villages of Peckham and Deptford were within a ramble, and the Kent Road, with its ever-moving and ever-lively variety of travelers and carriages, was but a few rods from our door. *Here*, alas! we had no garden, though the whole row of houses of which ours was one had

pleasant inclosures for flowers in front (such as in America are termed yards)—there were no grounds behind them. In the heart of the city we had relatives and friends whom we often visited, and thus I soon became familiar with the neighborhood of Cornhill, Fleet Street, Temple Bar, the Strand, Bishopsgate Street and St. Paul's Cathedral; and I was taken by my parents to see the tombs in Westminster Abbey, my father especially directing my attention to the Poets' Corner. Having read so much about kings and queens, I longed to see the interior of a palace and some of the trappings of royalty, but in vain, though I have yet in my possession the richly embroidered shoulder-knot of heavy sarcenet ribbon, now soiled and faded, which my maternal grandfather wore when, as Mayor of R——, he went up to London to present a congratulatory address of some kind to King George Third, on which occasion he was proffered the honor of knighthood by his majesty, which, however, he declined.

One family with whom we were intimate had the walls of their parlor adorned with a variety of paintings in oil and in water-colors. Among these was a large one in oil, having for its subject the choice of Hercules. I remember how I used to stand before this picture studying the two faces to whose influences the eyes of the young hero seemed alternately to surrender themselves, but being familiar with the story

had no anxiety as to his decision. On the opposite side of the room hung a small landscape of such quiet and rural beauty, that I used to think the possession of it would almost be a compensation for not being a dweller in the spot itself.

Among the poets my father's especial favorites were Thomson in his "Seasons," and Akenside in his "Pleasures of Imagination." And I have often wondered why the last-mentioned poem seems now to be so little read, so little praised or prized among people of culture. Can the elevated gratifications arising from a refined taste be more grandly delineated than in the closing pages of Book Third? If Hannah More in her "Calebs" could justly lament the growing indifference with which this fine poem was even then regarded, the observation is still more appropriate at the present day. To the various glowing pictures of nature in all her changing forms presented in Thomson's "Seasons," my dear father early drew my attention, and in particular to the sublime devotion which pervades the noble "Hymn" at the close of "Winter." And although not identified with those who are termed Universalists, he delighted to dwell with a kind of consolatory trust on these lines:

The Great Shepherd reigns,  
And His *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.

Pope's Essay on Man, his Universal Prayer, Gray's Elegy, Cowper's Poems, Goldsmith's Deserted Village,



Spenser's Schoolmistress, Beattie's Minstrel and his Hermit, with two or three of Shakespeare's Plays, were early in my hands. Milton and Young, of course, were on our bookshelves, but no suggestion was made to me about reading them till I was some years older. Lord Byron my dear father would not (as would have seemed to him) have misused time in reading: not from the least narrowness or bigotry, but he revered moral and religious purity above all things, and never voluntarily threw his mind in the way of any associations which might by the merest possibility tarnish that purity, or have the faintest tendency to weaken love and reverence to God in his own soul. So that Byron never came in my way till, when about twelve, an acquaintance lent me Childe Harold. I never in my life borrowed or read a single book unknown to my parents; and when I showed them this they neither recommended nor discouraged its perusal, though they spoke of the writer's character with disapprobation. However, the utter absence of the devotional or moral element in Byron's writings prevented their possessing any fascination for me, with all of whose intellectual associations, even at the earliest age, religious feelings were inseparably interwoven.

By a recollection of my own experiences I can judge of the many difficulties children often have in getting clear apprehensions of some parts of their reading.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark" is a line occurring in a beautiful verse of Beattie's *Minstrel*. Now it so happened that at eight years old I had never, before reading this verse, heard the word "cur," and supposing it to be a verb of which "cottage" was the subject, wondered much *why* and in what manner the cottage "*curred*" at the early pilgrim, and still more what the last word, "bark," could possibly have to do with the preceding words, supposing, as I did, the sentence to be complete without it. In Pope's *Homer* the magnificent description of moonlight, which I found in one of my reading books, ends with this couplet :

The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

The nature and character of a "swain" were matters of some speculation with me. I perceived that a "swain" meant a man of *some* kind, but what he was supposed to be particularly "conscious" of, I knew not; however, since he was described as "eyeing the blue vault," I imagined him to be a very contemplative person, or perhaps an astronomer. Pope's *Ode on Solitude*, which among scores of other poems I early committed to memory, greatly interested me, but "steal from the world," in the last stanza, was an utter puzzle to a child of eight years old; *what* he intended to "steal from the world," or how he could

enjoy the "*innocence*" spoken of in the preceding verse and yet "*steal*," was beyond my comprehension, and it was some time before my silent queries ended in a perception of the poet's true meaning, for my parents, though ever ready to give me all needful information, preferred (and so did I) that I should search out for myself all I could alone. In those dear delightful little volumes, "*Original Poems*," nearly all of which I learned by heart, a sweet little piece "*To a Butterfly*" thus opens :

Poor harmless insect, thither fly.

Of course, the first clause was perfectly intelligible, but what "*thither fly*" could mean was a mystery ; I supposed, however, that "*fly*" was probably a contraction of "*butterfly*," and that "*thither*" was used to denote some trait belonging to it. In reading Goldsmith's "*Rome*," the story of the phantom appearing to Brutus in his tent, and saying, "*Thou shalt meet me again at Philippi*," seized powerfully on my imagination. Vainly I looked forward page after page, again and again, and read and re-read every word connected with Philippi, expecting to find the return of the unearthly visitor. My mind was then too unfamiliar with such narratives to connect with the appearance of the phantom and its promise the subsequent fact, that it was at Philippi, in battle, Brutus met his death.

My father and mother were extremely careful to inculcate exact accuracy of narration upon us in repeating anything we had seen, heard or read, and one particular lesson of this kind left an indelible impression upon me. We were accustomed at the tea-table to give our parents some account of our reading or other employments during the day. I had been reading in Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield's "Mental Improvement" a narrative of the chocolate tree; and here I gratefully mention how very many elements of general knowledge I owe to this lady's admirable books for children, almost all of which were in our juvenile library. "Papa," said I, "a whole crop of chocolate trees has been known to perish in a single night without any cause." "That is impossible, my dear," quietly replied my father. "Indeed, papa, the book says so." "There must be some mistake on your part," responded he. Mentally reviewing the sentence, I added, "It says, have been known to perish without any *visible* cause." "Ah! that alters the case," replied my father; and this incident stamped on my mind the importance of precise accuracy in verbal repetition, and the fact that, as my dear father took the opportunity to tell me, every effect must have *some* cause, either known or unknown.

Two or three years later I received another lesson equally valuable of a similar kind. Staying a few days with some valued friends of my parents, the char-

acter of Dr. Watts happened to become one morning at breakfast the topic of conversation ; and reference being made to his diminutive stature, I ventured to observe: " I have heard papa say that when *he* heard Dr. Watts preach he stood on a small stool in the pulpit, in order to be better seen by the congregation." " Your papa," observed one of the ladies, " must be a very old man, indeed." " Why, no," I replied, dimly apprehending I was making some mistake, yet unable to conjecture its character ; " Papa is not an old man at all, yet." " He must be," was her reply, " to remember Dr. Watts!" The truth was, that my beloved parent, who deeply venerated that great and good man, had talked to me so often about passages in his history, that I had supposed him to speak from *personal* recollection instead of *reading* ; and thus, without the faintest attempt to deceive, I made my father the contemporary of one who died long before he was born ; so I learned, not without some sensible mortification, the essential importance of correct *dates* in all narrations.

The Rev. R. A—— on one occasion preached at the place of worship we generally attended after removing to London. I remembered his having visited us when we lived at B——, and there taking some little kindly notice of me. Therefore I begged my father to let me accompany him when he went to speak to Mr. A—— in the vestry, whither it was customary for the minister

to retire at the close of the service, to receive the physical refreshment of a glass of wine (surely the present day *is* an improvement on its predecessors !) and the mental exhilaration of a few compliments on his performance. While my father and he were exchanging salutations, I silently raised my eyes to the amiable countenance and gold spectacles of Mr. A——, who gratified me beyond measure by saying in a very kind and gentle voice and with a benevolent smile, “Is *this* the little maid whom I left at B——?” “Little maid” left a very pleasing impression on my mind, as the epithet was there associated with the history of a certain other “little maid,” of whom I had read in the Bible, at whose suggestion Naaman resorted to the prophet Elisha for the healing of his leprosy. How we may sometimes gladden the heart of a sensitive child by a cheering recognition ! Perhaps Mr. A—— little thought how it gladdened mine to be remembered by him for two whole years !

Among the duties my dear parents most constantly inculcated on their children none was more earnestly enjoined upon us than that of habitual kindness and tenderness toward the poor, and toward all dumb creatures. My father had copied in large letters on a card and attached to the wall of our sitting-room a couplet which reads thus :

Take not away that life you cannot give;  
For all things have an equal right to live.

These teachings sank deep into my infant heart, nor can I ever remember the time when my little feet would willingly have crushed a worm. No "Societies for the Pevention of Cruelty to Animals" (blessed be their labors!) were then in existence; but were it possible for *all* children to be trained as we were, none would be needed.

When I was nearly eight years old, one cold winter morning, during our hour of family worship, my attention was arrested by the mewing of my favorite cat on the outside of the window-sill. She was soliciting shelter from the storm and admission into the warm parlor. The rest of my dear father's prayer gained but little of my attention, and I could scarcely remain kneeling until the "Amen," but when that welcome word had been uttered I sprang instantly to the window. In my hurry to open it my fingers slipped, and hand and arm went crashing through the pane. A piece of flesh was chipped by the broken glass entirely out of my wrist; surgical assistance was called; my hand was dressed, and remained in a sling for some time. While I acknowledge too great precipitation in my little deed of kindness, yet I look upon the scar which it left, and which I shall carry to my grave, with a feeling rather akin to pleasure than regret. It is one of the ineffaceable records of my happy childhood, and at least not a disgraceful one.

When I was about a year older, my dear father, on

the birthday of one of my brothers, gave us each a trifle of money to spend as we pleased. In doing so he told us that a poor Irishman whom he occasionally employed, and whom we had often seen, had a day or two before been thrown into prison for a small debt, and suggested to us whether we would not like to put our little moneys together and appropriate them to pay the sum for which he was kept from his family. We gladly said yes ; so we all proceeded to the prison where the man was held in durance ; and my father, having gained admittance to the jailer, paid poor Donovan's little debt. The object of our sympathy manifested his gratitude with such thanks and *tears* as gave us much more happiness in the little sacrifice we had made for him than we could have enjoyed, had we laid out our dear father's gift upon any personal indulgence.

While yet a child I cherished an intense desire that I might some time become acquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages in order to read the Holy Scriptures in the very words through which they were originally transmitted to us, and thus be able, as I supposed, to gain a more exact and perfect understanding of their meaning. But as I grew older I found that, among men acknowledged to be of equal erudition as Biblical scholars, there existed wide diversities of opinion on theological points ; that various differences of interpretation divided and distracted them, and that



*they* differed just as much among themselves about the sense of the text as those who could only read their English Bible. I perceived, therefore, that a knowledge of the original languages presented no means of settling points of theology, while, however, the holy and divine teachings of our Saviour in regard to the conduct of the heart and life seemed to speak in clear and intelligible tones a language undisputed by any, whether through the Greek or English tongue. Thus I came to the conclusion that an acquaintance with the dead languages, however gratifying, was of no importance to my progress in true religion; and happy and thankful to have reached this point, I resolved to content myself with the study of the Bible in my mother tongue.

At fourteen I read with close attention Dr. Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," and Professor Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Human Mind." The former I indeed began to study more than a year earlier, and carefully went over it again and again until many pages were transferred to my memory; and from this work, and some volumes of the Analytical and Monthly Reviews in my father's possession, as well as from Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," I learned a little respecting practical criticism on books and literature. No work perhaps ever interested me more deeply than Stewart's "Philosophy." Many pages of extracts I made from it, and it helped me in the

systematic culture of understanding and memory more than any other book I ever read. *One* remark of the author especially arrested my attention. It was this : "Memory, unless it be carefully cultivated by constant exercise, gradually decays *as we advance to maturity.*" This was a timely watchword to me. I resolved that mine (which I was often told was naturally good) should *not* decay by being neglected. From that period I *systematically* and daily cultivated the retentive powers, which from infancy also my parents had encouraged me to exercise, and the high delight and enjoyment I have throughout life received from a memory somewhat enriched by culture still continues to be ever new and unceasing. Though quite unequal in its stores to what I could desire and aspire after, yet judging from the very small possessions of value most persons seem to have laid up in theirs, perhaps it is a little better furnished than that of many. However, such as it is, it has been no mere birthright ; its little acquisitions are the result and reward of earnest, persevering, unwearied labor, which commenced in childhood, and which is still prosecuted with undiminished pleasure.

When I was between ten and eleven years of age my parents emigrated to the United States, their children, of course, accompanying them ; and here I close the little reminiscences of my early childhood and my native country.

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

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Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.—ISAIAH XXXII 20.

“**W**HAT is working for Jesus?” It is simply striving to promote His religion by the constant endeavor to bring that religion into everyday practice through lives of Christian love and usefulness. It is not the readiness with which we *talk* about Jesus that is the true test of attachment to Him, but the manifestation in *our* spirit of the spirit and principles *He* inculcated, in the government of our daily doings, our social habits, our business and our pleasures. And whatever is done out of a pure purpose for the temporal or spiritual welfare of others is work for *Him*.

Whenever you are conscientiously studying in the little things of life to “please every one his neighbor for his good, to be kind and tender-hearted, to support the weak and be patient toward all men,” *you are working for Jesus*.

Whenever you are permitted to help a struggling fellow-pilgrim on his way, or to raise up a drooping spirit from despondency by tenderly reminding it of

the love and care of an ever-present Friend ; whenever you let fall a word of loving counsel to one who may chance to need it, and out of a full heart gently touch some chord which may vibrate to that touch (not in the tone of a *Pharisee*, but a *brother*), *you are working for Jesus*.

When in the dreary depth of winter you search out a comfortless dwelling, bearing with you some small gift, and by proffering the soothing word, the sympathetic inquiry, lighten the weary bosom of half its burden, *you are working for Jesus*.

When you enter the chamber where lies sick and helpless the child of poverty, and, caring first for his earthly necessities, speak to him of such cheering thoughts as may aid him to cast his care on God, lifting up by the lonely bedside a few words of fervent petition, not because it is *expected* of you to *make a prayer*, but because your own soul freely prompts the words of suppliance which rise to your lips, *you are working for Jesus*.

Are you a mother ? and, with a mother's love and a deep reliance on the Great Helper, are you seeking to guard your precious little ones from all that would contaminate their minds and indispose their hearts to receive heavenly visitations ? In the cool and calm of the day do you try to lead their thoughts upward, teaching them by precept and example the love and practice of such virtues as our Divine Lord Himself pronounced blessed ?—*you are working for Jesus*.

Are you a teacher? and, amid lessons and studies multiform, are you sedulously solicitous, by the spirit and temper you carry into your instructions, to show your pupils that "all the treasures of the earth are not to be compared to the least virtue of the soul?" that uprightness, truth and purity are of infinitely higher value than all merely intellectual attainments or worldly distinctions; you, too, *are working for Jesus*, even though you should seldom bring into your teachings a *direct* mention of His hallowed name.

Every time you utter words of truth and righteousness in the social circle, and dare to maintain your Christian integrity and the simplicity of Christ, without reference to popular opinion, *you are working for Jesus*.

Every time you forego your own self-indulgence or indolence for the sake of ministering to others either in body or in soul; every time you try to strengthen in any heart a right purpose, and to show forth the religion you profess by unworldliness in you own life, *you are working for Jesus*.

But you must be well content to be "prized and loved by *God alone*," for your aims and purposes will so permeate your whole being that they who look not beyond the surface will be likely never to understand them at all. Those "busy bustlers" who imagine that "work for Jesus" can only be done by having perpetually on their lips His holy Name, anywhere

and everywhere, in season and out of season, will probably not recognize such quiet, constant, unobtrusive labor as of any value. Nevertheless, what is that to *you*? It is not for *them* you are working, but for *God*.

Ah! how many modest toilers in the small sphere of home, how many a life-long invalid on the couch of pain, will hereafter be recognized by their Lord as having been true workers for Him, while many who held themselves and were held by others in high esteem as such may haply pass unacknowledged! Work on, therefore, ye who, year after year, are striving to do something, though it be ever so little, in His Name. You need not blazon abroad your happy little experiences, for you are asking no earthly suffrage. But how inexpressibly animating is the thought that in whatever efforts you put forth for the diminishing of sin and misery, and the increase of happiness, virtue and piety, in this poor world, you are not only working *for* Jesus, but *with* Him! With Him, whose life below was love continually, you are humbly, joyfully co-operating in your little measure to advance on earth the Kingdom of Heaven!

Then, seeing we have companionship so divine and help so infinite, let each day bear up afresh from our souls the fervent aspiration, "Lord! what wilt Thou have *me* to do?"

And although the handfuls which here and there

we glean for the heavenly Husbandman be few and small in comparison with what we desire, and although some days we may fear we have scarcely been able to bring even "two mites" into the treasury, yet let us not faint or falter, but be encouraged to go onward, nothing doubting but that the great Lord of the harvest will, in His abounding love and mercy, "accept our sheaves."







# DETACHED THOUGHTS

FROM MY

DAILY JOURNALS.



## DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM MY DAILY JOURNALS.

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I AM so much happier, as I think, for not being one bit of a sectarian. Among the things in my life for which I am most thankful is, that I have known many good and excellent people in all Christian denominations, and that though I have seen, alas ! *some* bigots and formalists in all, I have likewise met equal piety and goodness in every one of our Christian churches. I am convinced, from long-continued observation, that no one set of opinions whatever *necessarily* either *produces* or *precludes* true religious attainment in heart and life. I read continually the holy aspirations and devout utterances of good and pious men and women, without one particle of care as to *which* little inclosure of the Great Shepherd's fold their names belong. And frequently I have asked myself, will *He* who created us all, and who accepts all that sincerely serve Him and strive to be approved of Him, will *He* welcome any one to heaven more specially because while on earth he was a devoted Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian or Presbyterian ? Surely

not. Yet many within the pale of every Church appear to think an absorbing dedication of themselves to the interests of *that* particular Church, and a continual struggle to draw people into it, is the very surest way of having a bright crown awaiting them in heaven. But it is not the number of individuals we gather into any visible Church, but the number we may have been enabled to influence to live according to the spirit of Christ that will be to us a crown of rejoicing hereafter.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS there is no mode of worship so ceremonial but that through it *some* devout hearts have been able to approach God spiritually, nor any so devoid of form but that it may be adopted by an undevout heart without any spiritual meaning. A mind naturally of a devotional cast will, if sincerely religious, be devout, whatever mode of worship it may practice, while one *not* devotional in its tendencies will seldom become so under any administration of religious services whatever. Doubtless there is many a Roman Catholic who, though encumbered with a multiplicity of ritual observances, looks beyond externals, and even in and through them offers acceptable worship to the Searcher of Hearts; while it is *possible* for even a Friend or Quaker, the very essence of whose faith is spirituality, to become a formalist, going to and coming from his silent worship with lifeless regularity.

The only certain safeguard against formalism in religion, in or under any mode of worship, is true spirituality of heart.

\* \* \*

INDIFFERENCE to public opinion on grounds of principle is quite another thing from insensibility to the value of just esteem.

\* \* \*

EVERY work, every action, that truly blesses mankind tends directly or indirectly to honor God.

\* \* \*

I HAVE long been convinced that God's promised Spirit does not instruct us so much in forming theological definitions as in breathing spiritual and holy influences on our souls. My reason for arriving at this conclusion is, that superior minds of equal intelligence, who have sought truth with the same integrity of purpose and the same earnestness of research, arrive, in their theological investigations, at widely different conclusions, while the spirit of holy and devotional aspiration is the same among all the truly good under every varied shade of creed and belief.

\* \* \*

THE reason why time seems to fly faster as we advance in life is, that having traversed larger tracts of existence, its separate portions appear short compared with the whole ground over which we have passed.

HAPPILY it is not necessary to know one's A B C to get to heaven, but for all that it is a very great blessing to know one's A B C.

\* \* \*

FROM the records of biography and from personal observation, I cannot but come to the deliberate conclusion that there are human souls sincerely and devoutly feeling after Truth and God who never have been able to accept the creed of any particular church, and who yet are in reality much nearer to their Creator than multitudes who, without any investigation, blindly give in a profession of unqualified allegiance to some formulary of faith.

\* \* \*

IN our prayers, verbal utterances are not needed by Him who can read the language of a sigh or a tear ; but there are times when for me words are necessary, not to inform God of my wants, but to render those wants more clearly definite to myself. The necessities and aspirations of each day are frequently made much more plain to my own mind when clothed in language, and the *expression* of our wants or of our thanks deepens our *sense* of them. There are times when if I do not clothe my petitions in words they are apt to slide into a species of unprofitable reverie, which neither strengthens nor comforts the soul, nor fits it for its duties and trials. The use of words often shows me exactly what I pray for, and sometimes

gives distinctness to aspirations which otherwise would be vague and dim to my own mind.

\* \* \*

It is a curious thing that perfect humility and inordinate self-esteem, two qualities diametrically opposite to each other, sometimes produce precisely the same result in one particular, that of putting their possessor entirely at ease in any and every situation.

\* \* \*

How desirable and delightful is the faculty by which *allusions* readily and rapidly come up before the mind suggested by natural objects, and by which almost everything brings to mind some line or thought from the heart's own best beloved poets!

\* \* \*

THERE must be a corner-stone for every edifice to rest upon, but a corner-stone *alone* will not make any building complete.

\* \* \*

THE bestowment of affection is not altogether voluntary, and although we may *cultivate* or *check* its growth, we cannot, either by any effort of will or idea of duty, create it where it does not exist, or annihilate it where it does.

\* \* \*

I HAVE heard a certain class of ministers sometimes speak of all those nations who lived anterior to the Christian era (the Jews alone excepted) as but little

above the brute world in their religious and moral perceptions, and am often led to wonder whether such misstatements proceed from utter ignorance or from willful misrepresentation. Are those who make them so recklessly wholly unacquainted with the utterances, often noble and elevating, of Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus? Unspeakably to be valued is the gift of the Christian religion; but I never could see that we magnify its blessed influences by denying the action of God's Spirit upon the minds and hearts of some who existed before the advent of our Saviour upon earth.

\* \* \*

THE necessity of earning daily bread by daily labor is a blessing to the uncultivated classes, provided that labor be not excessive.

\* \* \*

I PERCEIVE that the dispositions of mind most habitual to me in my waking hours follow me into my dreams. If in the latter I witness any acts of unkindness or cruelty, I am just as much disturbed by them as I should be were I awake; my *will* to help or comfort any one in affliction, or to do a little good if I can to any one, is exactly the same, dreaming or waking. Thence I draw the conclusion that *our will* is a thing always our own, and that it is in our power to form its character. I have, unhappily and strangely, been sometimes obliged to witness in my dreams cruel and



wicked actions, but so far from ever having been in any way a party to them, they have always filled me with intensest abhorrence.

\* \* \*

THE enjoyments which result from the exercise of religious aspirations and benevolent affections are unaffected by the surroundings of our lot as regards refined society or beautiful scenery. But those pleasures that spring from ideality, from delightful combinations of thought suggested by natural objects, *are* certainly greatly influenced, and indeed are, in some measure, created by and dependent on outward associations.

\* \* \*

THE truly good of every name are equally dear to me, for I have received spiritual treasures and benefits from *some* in *all*.

\* \* \*

SOME very worthy people make the mistake (not the less a mistake because their intentions are good) of seeming to like and praise everybody ; at the same time they withhold a word of disapproval in regard to many things glaringly wrong, under an idea that they are thus manifesting Christian charity. But it is not the office of that beautiful virtue to annihilate the power of correct perception as to good and evil. I am not quite sure whether the commendation I have heard bestowed on certain persons in these words,

"they never speak against anybody," be in *reality* as high a praise as is frequently imagined. Those who speak with nearly equal complacency of almost *all* people must lack either *discrimination* or *truthfulness*, must either be negative characters or to some extent dissemblers. We should try to recognize all the good that actually exists in whomsoever we see it, but to praise indiscriminately is often only a cheap and easy way of obtaining popularity.

\* \* \*

SOME fight to establish Christian truth (Cortes, for instance) in just the same spirit a Mussulman might evince in propagating Mohammedanism, simply because it is *their* faith, and therefore they want to establish it: not that they care one iota that the holy principles for which Jesus lived and died should gain an influence on the world.

\* \* \*

ALTHOUGH no home can be complete that does not hold some human object of affection for us to love, yet where this happiness is denied there may be many merciful compensations in the cultivation of intellectual pursuits and the exercise of benevolent affections.

\* \* \*

How infinitely happier is that individual, no matter what is his form of faith, who fully believes and trusts in an Almighty and Heavenly Father, than the most intelligent Pantheist *can* possibly be!—he who sees

no conscious power above himself ruling in the concerns of this world, nothing beyond a stern and regular system of causes and consequences, "a stony Sphynx," incapable of understanding one cry of the suffering heart or of responding to one petition of an imploring and helpless creature!

\* \* \*

WE *see* in our dreams distinctly multitudes of objects and individuals as plainly as when we are awake. Does not this prove that the *sense* of sight acts independently of the eye, although in our waking hours the eye is the sole medium through which sight is exercised?

\* \* \*

TRUE religion is not the growth of excitement and agitation, but of thoughtfulness and prayer.

\* \* \*

WE cannot accurately judge of the spiritual relations of another soul toward its Maker as to its acceptance with Him, but we may form some conjecture respecting them by their results on the life. We can see, and very easily too, whether an individual practices that justice and mercy toward others which the religion of Christ requires and which a heart right with God will bring forth. But the mere assertion of any one as to his religious state weighs less and less with me, since I have frequently heard the most positive confidence expressed of Divine favor and accept-

ance by persons in whose lives existed so very little moral uprightness, that I should never have imagined they laid *any* claim to the Christian name but from their public declaration of it.

\* \* \*

I THINK I have sometimes found that little prayers for little things, offered in humility, sincerity and faith in the goodness of God, are not put up in vain.

\* \* \*

ONE feels sometimes interested in intellectual persons simply as intellectual companions ; one can also be interested in others who are not at all intellectual if they are good and high-principled. But where you perceive neither the moral nor the intellectual characteristics, how irksome, how utterly profitless it is voluntarily to throw yourself among those from whom you cannot receive and to whom you find you cannot impart aught that is useful or valuable !

\* \* \*

I DO not think it right to suppose extemporaneous preaching the *only* kind which is influenced and aided by the Holy Spirit. God can surely guide *the pen* as it moves in the closet just as truly and entirely as *the voice* which speaks impromptu in the public assembly.

\* \* \*

IT is said that the study of Nature cannot fail to raise the mind to Nature's God. Yet it is likewise true that minds long and closely drilled in the exact

sciences, wherein assertions and discoveries are susceptible of *proof* amounting almost to demonstration, are in consequence of this mental habitude sometimes peculiarly incapable of receiving abstract truths, such, for instance, as relate to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. As *these* can never be made the subjects of tangible verification, they must, if received by the mind, be so through quite a different kind of evidence, viz., that which is purely spiritual.

\* \* \*

How few are capable of that courage which can form and express opinions differing from the majority of those around them !

\* \* \*

IN the minds of some religious professors there seems to exist a strange and morbid fear of good works. Alas ! good works are not so over-abounding in this world that any one need be cautioned against a superfluity of them.

\* \* \*

IF we desire to conquer a besetting infirmity or to increase in a particular virtue, we must not suppose that simply *asking God* to remove the one or to bestow the other is fulfilling the measure of our duty. To earnest prayer must be added effort, conflict, continued and persistent. We must wrestle as well as pray, must fight as well as trust. One of the modern fallacies in religion is the assertion that we have nothing

to do but to take it for granted God will do all for us if we ask Him, without our having any further trouble about the matter. This is neither the teaching of common sense nor of Scripture.

\*  
\* \* \*

ONE of the most painful results of a long experience of life is that inevitable diminution of trusting confidence in human beings which, without becoming at all misanthropic, the progress of time necessarily to some extent produces in us. When we first enter upon life, if upright ourselves, we are disposed to believe every one else so; we receive every kindness as genuine, every pleasant word as sincere, every promise as binding, and we should think it really wrong to question in the slightest degree the integrity of any one where appearances were fair. But the lapse of years compels us, even against our will, to unlearn our faith; and though we perhaps gain a more earnest confidence in the trustworthy *few*, we are obliged to lose general reliance on *the many*.

\*  
\* \* \*

THE *little* virtues, as they are called, are great blessings to those who live with us.

\*  
\* \* \*

I THINK I am acquainted with a few Christian professors whose religion seems principally to consist in an unshaken and unshakable conviction that their own salvation is achieved, and as decided a conviction

that those of their neighbors and friends who are not members of some particular church are, no matter how excellent their character, the "unsaved" and "unconverted." Indeed they are accustomed openly to speak of the latter by these epithets. Now, are not the assumptions of such somewhat akin to those of the Pharisees in the time of our Saviour?

\*  
\* \*

WE must sedulously cultivate devotional affections and holy aspirations if we would have them ever present with us, and would experience the blessed happiness they impart to the soul. Without such cultivation they will no more live and grow within us than the rarest plants and flowers will flourish without nurture and culture. We must daily and hourly cherish these divinely precious sources of happiness, or they will never spring up and abide in our hearts a fountain of living joy.

\*  
\* \*

My hope of heaven rests on the promised mercy and forgiveness of my Heavenly Father toward all who, trusting in the salvation offered by Jesus Christ our Lord and truly penitent for all their sins, are humbly and sincerely endeavoring by His holy help to live daily according to His will, with full purpose of heart and soul.

\*  
\* \*

How much more valuable is homely kindness than polished selfishness !

It is not possible for us to produce cheerfulness, or to *force* ourselves into feeling it, by any simple effort of *the will*, although we may cultivate, and ought to cultivate, the disposition to do so by calling up to our minds the many blessings and sources of happiness we enjoy, and although the understanding may fully recognize the reasons why cheerfulness should exist. But actually to experience the *emotion* of gladness in the contemplation of these is sometimes wholly beyond our power. Does not this go to prove that every mental sensation is greatly dependent on certain psychological conditions of the brain, which conditions we are unable at our own will or pleasure to create?

\* \* \*

It is best to arise from too saddening memories of the past, to look forward and upward, and endeavor to seek and find happiness by making our lives useful to others.

\* \* \*

THERE is a vast difference between changing our opinion on any subject through fickleness, and because in doing so we have considered it anew, and have found reason for revoking our first judgment.

\* \* \*

How deeply mournful a thing it is that intense religious zeal frequently exists where there is little moral uprightness.



WE should remember the measure of our own conviction is not always the measure of positive truth.

\* \* \*

THE endeavor to relieve want, or to do kindly offices toward the ignorant and suffering, is, under the actual state of this world, one of the very purest satisfactions we can possibly enjoy. Yet I think it is in itself not *quite* the highest, since it necessarily presupposes the existence of evil and misery; whereas the communion of thought, feeling and aspiration, which exists in intellectual reciprocity between pure minds, may pertain not only to the most perfect state of life below, but we can imagine may even form one of the blisses of heaven above.

\* \* \*

WERE there no suffering to alleviate, no vice to reform, no ignorance to instruct, mental intercourse with superior minds and hearts would, perhaps, be the most perfect enjoyment of which we can conceive; but as the world exists at present, the exercise of practical benevolence is probably the most exquisite happiness to be realized on earth.

\* \* \*

FULLY do I believe in seeking and receiving Divine guidance in all our worldly concerns, yet I believe that few even of the truest Christians live *always* in so clear a vision as not to be sometimes liable to mistakes as to its promptings. There is a wide difference be-

tween sincerely and habitually *asking* the direction of God's Spirit, and arrogantly *claiming* to act constantly under its influences.

\* \* \*

THAT "confession of Christ" before men which consists simply in joining a church is quite popular, and is indeed rather an added passport to respectability; but that which lies in a life regulated by the precepts of our Saviour, in controlling the words and actions, in living with simplicity and moderation as to our worldly expenses, superfluities and decorations, is *not* generally popular, though it is a task infinitely harder than giving in your name to some particular church.

\* \* \*

WHEN we once are assured we are right we have only to go forward in simple faith and trust, but before we can safely do this we must endeavor to attain a true and just judgment as to what right *is*. We must not only be faithful to conscience, but must see whether we have sought to have conscience itself properly enlightened and directed.

\* \* \*

I MUST not expect the excellences of one friend in another, but rejoice in the individual merits of each.

\* \* \*

THERE is, I think, but one kind of real Christianity—that which leads us into a daily endeavor to be con-

formed to the Divine Will in our thoughts, words and actions. It exists in very different degrees in different individuals, but *some* portion of it *must* dwell in the character of every true disciple of Christ, and without this all mere church-membership is nothing more than an empty name.

\* \* \*

THE whole current of our lives sets in a direction exactly opposite to that of spirituality, and it is only by continual watchfulness and conflict that in a world like this spirituality can possibly be maintained.

\* \* \*

TO THINK that because a man undertakes the office of religious teacher what he says must necessarily be instructive, is a foolish as well as fearful mistake. Yet not a few well-meaning people talk as if to uphold everything said and done by *ministers* was upholding the Christian religion itself! Any one with an ordinary share of natural ability can stand up in a pulpit and expound *the creed* of a Church, but it is those ministers only who have true personal experience in the Christian life that can speak of that life to the instruction and consolation of others.

\* \* \*

THANKS be to all who with words of appreciation and cheer recognize the struggles and aspirations of our minds, and thus help us onward in Life's great battle. Encouraging utterances from such come as a

refreshing cordial to the heart, surrounded as we are by the many who cannot forgive you for rising above the dead level in which they themselves willingly abide, and with whom your best and noblest aspirings are just so many reasons why they should not and do not like you.

\* \* \*

How greatly the practice of *memorizing* anything opens one's perceptions to all the lesser and minuter beauties contained in it, whether it be Scripture or literary production of any kind !

\* \* \*

LIFE changes much less for those whose pleasures and pursuits have always been of the intellectual character than for those whose youth has glided away in a succession of frivolities and follies. What have the latter class of individuals to enjoy at sixty years of age? *Their* resources have vanished with their youth.

\* \* \*

How difficult I have sometimes found it to unite at all times Christian kindness with Christian sincerity ! It is also not always easy to be at once *spontaneous* and *watchful* in our conversation.

\* \* \*

It is of the highest importance that we learn to distinguish right from wrong wherever and whenever it exists, without distinction or favoritism of persons. No one deserves to possess any influence which is not

founded on his or her personal worth of character, and that wholly irrespective of their position either in the world or in the Church.

\* \* \*

IT is quite easy for the grossest minds to profess an assent to any formulary of belief, but it is a purified heart only which seeks to mold its passions and prejudices, its feelings and habits, by the holy and elevating precepts of Jesus.

\* \* \*

THERE are times when we derive strength from communication of thought; there are times when we receive it from silence.

\* \* \*

I BELIEVE we cannot always have our minds equally alive to religious *emotion*, but we *can* always have our souls under the predominating and governing influence of religious *principle*.

\* \* \*

THE burden of my soul is much more that those already in the Christian Church should improve and advance in their Christian character, than to draw into it those who are at present unconnected therewith.

\* \* \*

THE great *moral* teachings and truths of Christianity commend themselves to all hearts and minds, and are the same under all its forms. Not so *theological* teachings. The conscientious Pedobaptist is generally

desirous to dedicate his infant child to God in baptism, and in some extreme cases seems actually uneasy if that ceremony be neglected; the equally conscientious Baptist would shrink from submitting *his* young offspring to such an observance, and probably might even regard it as a relic of Papacy; *while both*, if they have imbibed aught of real Christianity, alike desire for their children goodness, temperance, meekness and uprightness, as fruits of the Spirit of God.

\* \* \*

THERE is a medium to be observed, and that not always easily decided upon, between *that* silence which may be taken for acquiescence, under the enunciation of sentiments we disapprove, and *that* which is held simply because all controversy would be wasted and useless. Yet there *are* occasions when silence would be sin.

\* \* \*

EACH individual friend calls forth in us, I think, a special affection which can never be *wholly* transferred to any other friend, however loved and valued; yet the space in our hearts left vacant by the death of a beloved one can, in a measure, generally be so far filled up as to prevent our lives from becoming *desolate* by their removal.

\* \* \*

PRAYER must not be allowed to sink into reverie, or it will cease to be profitable; yet it *may* sometimes

gently subside into meditation, and even help us in so doing.

\* \* \*

I HAVE sometimes been profoundly shocked to hear some individuals vehemently lifting their prayers for the "conversion of sinners," whose characters in daily life were such that it seemed to me they needed *first* to pray for the conversion of *themselves*.

\* \* \*

VERY few people can be trusted to delineate, faithfully and truthfully, the characters, or to give a correct representation of the principles and opinions, of those they dislike or disapprove. Prejudice is very apt to color their statements, even unconsciously to themselves.

\* \* \*

THOUGH the *spirit* of prayer and praise will doubtless be habitual in heaven, the *direct act* of either can scarcely, by any possibility, be incessant and uninterrupted.

\* \* \*

WE are apt to speak of ourselves as if *the body* were our sinful part, and *the mind* our heavenly part, whereas the truth is, that *the body* does not and cannot sin except through the inclinations of *the mind*. The terms "flesh and spirit" do not truly represent body and mind; they simply denote the baser or lower and the higher or purer part of our being. If we rightly

govern, regulate and subdue the former and faithfully cherish and develop the latter, we shall thus attain the true meaning of the Apostle when he said, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection."

\* \* \*

It is too much the habit with some professedly religious teachers to undervalue the holy and heavenly virtues which our blessed Saviour inculcated in His Divine teachings. How often, alas! have I heard those Christian graces of character, on which that blessed Saviour has specially pronounced His precious benediction as proving the true claim to discipleship, lightly spoken of, and almost denounced, as "*mere morality!*" thus unconsciously libeling that great compendium of His instructions, the Sermon on the Mount. Let me never even *seem* to join in this senseless and wretched cant. Let me remember that *every act of pure morality is an act of obedience to God*, and that if we were all *true* moralists according to the standard of Jesus, we could not fail to be Christians in deed and in truth.

\* \* \*

OBSERVATION continually shows us that honesty of purpose by no means insures correctness of judgment.

\* \* \*

How wonderful, how marvelous a thing is *the eye!* That through the medium of a little instrument not an inch in diameter we should be able to take in and



comprehend the forms and relative sizes of buildings, mountains, ships, etc., which, although thousands of times larger than itself, are yet distinctly represented to our minds through this amazing little camera!—that we can thus form accurate images, not only of things near, but also of things remote from us, in figure and in color! These little eyes destroyed, the whole visible world of nature and of art is blotted out *to us* forever!

\*  
\* \*

PERHAPS it may be profitable sometimes to try to look on faiths and opinions differing from our own from *their* standpoint if possible, that we may better know how *they* are accustomed to view things which *we* receive differently from themselves.

\*  
\* \*

WE do not *see* or *hear* the dew descend upon the earth, but we know what it *has done* day by day, by its results on the face of all nature. Thus if true religion reigns in *the heart* it will show itself in the conduct of *the life*, just as surely as the dew from heaven makes manifest its work upon the earth; and it will do this without our making any great and constant proclamation of it.

\*  
\* \*

THE difference is wide between a mere personal distaste and a moral disapproval.

How wonderful that *a thought*, that impalpable thing, can be expressed by sounds of the voice, by strokes of the pen; can be made perceptible to the eye and tangible to the ear! can be caught, caged, and transmitted over the world!

\* \* \*

STRANGE as it may seem, the sufferings of the mind from an accusing conscience are by no means always in proportion to its moral culpability; its agony from remorse is not invariably according to its guilt. The heart of a habitual transgressor is often very much hardened, while one of a purer life has tender sensibilities, and frequently experiences great and often undeserved misery from the commission of an almost involuntary error. The more carefully we cherish and cultivate tenderness of conscience, the more acutely sensible does that conscience become to the smallest delinquencies. The general result is that the most faithful conscience is the most susceptible of suffering, and oftentimes keenly grieves over errors or mistakes which a less carefully nurtured one would fail even to perceive.

\* \* \*

CERTAIN modes of expression originally used for the purpose of conveying a religious thought, by constant iteration sink down into set phrases and a kind of catch-words, which gradually lose all their primitive sacredness and consequent value, and at last

come to be heard without communicating any really distinct ideas.

\* \* \*

WHEN I go into the dwellings of the poor and see their scanty modicum of daily comforts, and sometimes even of necessities, I am ready to return home feeling as if the want of a meal, a garment or a fire were almost the only privations worth bewailing. Yet it is not so; *the heart* and *mind* have wants as well as *the body*. There are needs and cravings of our nature besides the physical ones for food and clothing, and any one habitually surrounded by social uncongenialities, even though possessing pecuniary plenty, cannot but be sensible of them.

\* \* \*

IN proportion to an extreme zeal for theological opinions is, ordinarily, an indifference toward practical virtues of the Christian character, and a disposition to depreciate their importance. Where exists an excessive earnestness respecting creeds and theories of religion, there is usually a proportionate undervaluing of actual and real goodness. Do not all history and all observation attest this to be true? and alas! it is as mournful as it is true!

\* \* \*

NO ERRORS of mere opinion appear to me dangerous which do not weaken the sense of moral accountability in those who hold them; but I have no abiding faith in any virtues which are not based on a recognition of responsibility to God as our Creator.

“ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.”

---

ALL, all alone! No cherished kindred near thee,  
No pleasant home or fireside of thine own,  
No tender voice at morn or eve to cheer thee:

*Thou art alone!*

All, all alone! Low in the graveyard sleeping,  
Lie father, mother, friends, thy loved, thy own;  
Whilst thou, still left, fond mem'ry's vigil keeping,  
Art all alone!

No, not alone. They have but gone before thee;  
The home now theirs, one day shall be thy own;  
Their love a happier world shall yet restore thee,  
No more alone.

No, not alone. Thy faithful Lord is near thee,  
He watches o'er thee from His heavenly throne;  
And while His smiles, His words, His comforts cheer  
thee,

*Art thou alone?*

Oh! not alone! Short is the night of weeping,  
Soon shall sweet heaven for earthly ill atone;  
Sowing in tears, yet still in joy oft reaping,  
Thou'rt *not* alone!

“HAVE I BEEN SO LONG TIME WITH  
THEE?”

---

Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?—JOHN XIV. 9.

HAVE I so long been with thee, yet unknown?  
Thy dull heart feeling not that I was near?  
Thou need'st not wait to see me on my throne,  
Nor search through heights or depths, for I am *here!*

I have been with thee in thy happy hours,  
When little joys sprang up, and pleasant flowers,  
And friends stood by, and life was full and bright,  
And there was none to grieve thee or affright;  
In all that cheer'd, in all that bless'd thy lot,  
I have been with thee, though thou knew'st it not!

I have been with thee when the billows rose,  
Tossing thy frail bark on a sea of woes;  
When sinking 'mid the waves with strength so small,  
I mark'd thy struggles, and I heard thy call;  
Child, whom I have oft tried, yet ne'er forgot,  
I have been with thee, though thou knew'st it not!

When some poor wayfarer of earth comes by,  
Toiling and tottering in his misery,

Let him not pass unnoticed ; do not care  
 To ask his name, his merits : *I* am there !  
 The kindly smile thou profferest, *I* can see ;  
 The little cup thou givest, is to *Me*.  
 Oh ! bless him with good deed, and accents mild,  
 For thou art doing it to *ME*, my child !

If by the couch of pain thou sittest down,  
 Where aching sickness, want and sorrow frown,  
 And sadly feel'st how poor thou art, and weak,  
 Strong words of peace and comforting to speak,  
 Courage ! for *I* will guide thy voice, thy prayer ;  
 Dost thou not feel My presence ?—*I am there !*

Oh, veiled Guest ! whom we do fail to see  
 Often, while Thou art standing by our side,  
 Grant me a clearer vision ! Give to me  
 A purer heart, redeem'd from self and pride ;  
 A lowly heart, a heart of love and prayer,  
 That I may seek Thee, meet Thee, *everywhere*.



## “IS IT I?”

---

The indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

—GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

SISTER, mother, wife or maid,  
Hast thou e'er the value weigh'd  
Of the decorative care  
Spent to make thy person fair?  
Thou, that call'st thyself a child  
Of the Saviour meek and mild,  
Think'st thou how His poor might be  
Comforted and blest by thee,  
Would thy self-indulgent heart  
Choose the self-denying part,  
On the garniture of *Dress*  
Lavishing a little less?

Oh! but this is hard (you say),  
Things like these to cast away!  
If the heart be all my care,  
Can it matter what I wear?

Yes; for if with earnest mind,  
Purpose true and feelings kind,

Something thou would'st spare and gain  
From "the trimmings of the vain,"  
Gath'ring round thy form and face  
Less of drap'ry, plume and lace,  
Ah! what precious store might rise  
E'en from *this* small sacrifice!  
That, which scarcely counts on such,  
Giv'n to Charity were much.  
It might make the suffering glad,  
Send them from thee warm'd and clad,  
While there's nothing lost to *thee*,  
Save a little vanity!  
Form and color, true, are nought,  
But the time, the pains, the thought,  
And the money thou dost spend  
All for an unworthy end,  
If the heart *were* "all thy care,"  
Conscience, surely, could not bear.  
Which is nobler, then? to take  
Christian ground for conscience' sake,  
Or to tread the beaten way,  
Decking this poor earthly clay  
All in Fashion's frippery,  
Lest thou should'st "*peculiar*" be?

As my heart within me burned,  
Thus to speak my bosom yearned.  
Haply, had I silent been,  
Utter silence had been sin.



## “SILVER AND GOLD HAVE I NONE.”

---

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.—ACTS III. 6.

SILVER and gold thou ownest not ;  
Yet hath *thy* dowry been forgot  
By Him who sends as best He sees,  
And wisely every lot decrees ?  
Nay ; to each heart of finer mold  
God giveth more than gems or gold ;  
And thee hath graciously endued  
With some blest power of doing good.  
The bounties of the heart may fall  
In drops of blessing upon all  
Whom thou dost meet on Life's highway  
From hour to hour, from day to day.  
Be but the holy purpose thine  
To leave “ no day without a line ”  
Of record that thy soul doth yearn  
The wealth of Christian love to learn,  
And oh ! thy daily deeds shall bear  
Some humble witness to thy prayer !

Is there no drooping sufferer near,  
Whom gentle word of thine could cheer ?

Is there no heart might ache the less  
For *something* thou could'st do to bless ?  
None, whom thy little skill might reach  
To help, or animate, or teach ?  
None, whom thy guidance might allure  
To love the holy, good and pure ?  
None, unto whom thy *life* might show  
A heavenward aim 'mid things below ?  
If but a little child draw nigh  
To meet the welcome of thine eye,  
Or the poor *brute*, to whom unknown  
Are words, discern thy kindly *tone*,  
*That* day shall be no blank to thee,  
In Time or in Eternity.

Be ever thine th' unselfish will  
Intent on loving-kindness still ;  
And meekly, calmly lay aside  
Thy leisure, indolence or pride,  
So thou mayst joy or good confer  
Upon Life's lowliest traveler.  
Oh ! think on Him who trod below  
The scenes of human want and woe,  
Only to save, and serve, and bless  
Earth's countless children of distress !  
Before Him kneel ; devoutly pray  
*Thy* selfishness may melt away,  
And humbled, contrite, weeping, plead  
That thou mayst follow Christ *indeed*.

## “IN HIS NAME.”

---

WRITTEN AFTER READING A LITTLE BOOK BEARING THIS TITLE.

HOW often cloud-wreaths gather  
Round the disciple's way !  
How many anxious doubtings  
His onward footsteps stay !  
How many timid moments  
Of self-distrust and fear,  
As the great question presses,  
“ What am *I* doing here ? ”

Thou art so weak, thou sayest,  
A bruised, trembling reed,  
God asks not thy poor labor,  
Of it He hath no need ;  
The little *thou* canst proffer  
Seems scarce worth bringing in  
To God's great harvest-gathering  
Of storehouse and of bin.

Yet pause, for low and gently  
An inward voice replies,

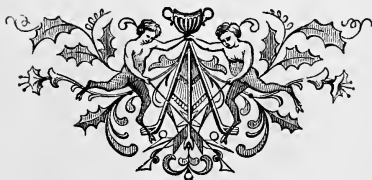
Out of that very weakness  
Thy inward strength shall rise ;  
And thy dear Lord doth need thee,  
Though feeble be thy frame ;  
Go, therefore ; but go *only*  
" In *His* Name."

What though it often grieve thee  
Thou canst so little do !  
Thy will, thy wish, so mighty,  
Thy powers, thy gifts, so few !  
If on thy bosom's altar  
Burneth Love's holy flame,  
Go thou, for thou *art* going  
" In *His* Name."

Oh ! thought of joy uplifting,  
To all the faint and weak,  
That girdeth up the spirit  
New impulses to seek !  
What is this poor world's suffrage ?  
Oh ! what its praise or blame,  
If only *He* doth send thee  
" In *His* Name ?"

If in thy little duties  
Of helpfulness and love  
Thou ever seek the wisdom  
Which cometh from above,

If daily thou art asking,  
With purpose fixed and true,  
Lord ! for earth's many sufferers  
What wilt Thou have *me* do ?  
Then thou, who frail and fearful,  
No strength from *self* canst claim,  
May'st work, for thou art working  
"In *His* Name."



## SPIRIT.

---

O H! what is *Spirit*? Who can tell  
Aught of the undefinable?  
Who shall explore its nature, source,  
Or follow its departing course?

What made, this morn, a little child  
Smile, when upon its face I smiled?  
Why did another fondly "twine,  
Unasked, a trustful hand in mine?"  
What makes the honest dog draw nigh,  
To meet the welcome of my eye?  
Why, but that SPIRIT, within these,  
*My* spirit answers, feels and sees?

I had a little darling bird,  
That my fond care and kindness stirred;  
Why didst thou, birdie, child of air,  
So joy to have my love and care?  
'Twas the Invisible in *thee*  
Met the Invisible in *me*.  
One morn its little eye was bright,

It twittered in its happy flight ;  
To feed upon my hand it came,  
And chirped if I but called its name ;  
The next, all cold it lay, and still,  
No motion left, no voice, no will.  
We said the little bird was *dead* ;  
But *what* from that small frame had fled ?  
*Where* was that strange, mysterious thing  
That moved its chirp and urged its wing ?  
That sparkled in its sprightly eye,  
And seemed all joy when I was nigh ?  
That vital being gave the whole ?  
What will you call it ?—Life or *Soul* ?

I had a friend, a precious one,  
Who was to me Heaven's benison ;  
I watched her quivering, fluttering breath,  
When *that* came on which *we* call *Death*.  
Cold as my little bird then lay  
All that was left of pallid clay ;  
Alike from bird and friend had gone  
*That* which affection fastened on ;  
*What* was that nameless, viewless thing  
That vanished from our questioning ?  
And oh ! can this impalpable  
Which thus in man and brute doth dwell,  
This, which through nerve and fiber lives,  
And joy, and pain, and will-power gives,  
This all-impelling, quickening fire—

*Can* it, in aught that breathes, expire?  
Oh! narrow thinker! to deny  
To brute Life, Immortality!  
Shallow the reasoning that would deem  
My faith but fancy's baseless dream.  
Little our bounded view can see  
Of Being's mighty mystery;  
Yet sure on Nature's page we read,  
In lessons above human creed,  
Truths, from which deeper thought doth learn  
That *Spirit* ever is eterne.



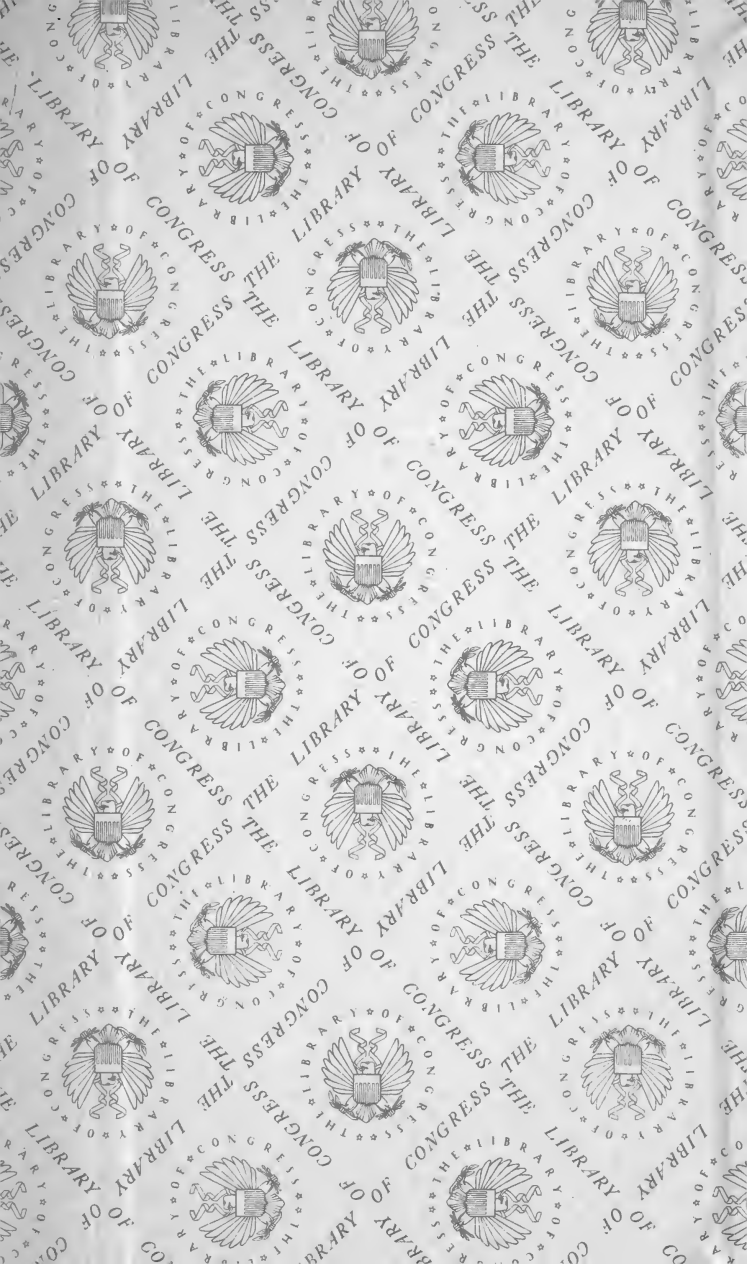












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